

75 CENTS

FEBRUARY 16, 1976

®

TIME

PATTY IN COURT

**Defense
Attorney
F. Lee Bailey**





1976 Lincoln Continental
with 30,000 miles.



1976 Cadillac
with 3,000 miles

October 14, 1975. The Sausalito Handicap.
How did Lincoln Continental's ride hold up after 30,000 miles?

**68 out of 100 Cadillac owners agree.
A 1976 Lincoln Continental with 30,000 miles
has a better ride than a new 1976 Cadillac.**



There's only one way to find out how the riding quality of an automobile will hold up over 30,000 miles: drive it 30,000 miles and see for yourself.

We drove this 1976 Lincoln Continental 30,000 highway miles. Then an independent testing company set out to measure its ride against a very tough competitor—a brand-new Cadillac with just 3,000 break-in miles.

We called this unusual test the Sausalito Handicap. One hundred Cadillac owners from the San Francisco area test-drove and test-rode both cars over the identical route.

And after 42 miles of highway driving and riding, 68 Cadillac owners out of 100 said the 1976 Lincoln

Continental—the car with 30,000 miles—had a better ride than the brand-new Cadillac!

Maybe the way this Continental's ride held up tells you why a separate survey projects that over the last four years more than 40,000 Cadillac drivers have switched to Lincoln Continental or Continental Mark IV. Experience is after all the best teacher.

Experience Continental for yourself by talking to your dealer about buying or leasing a 1976 Continental.

LINCOLN CONTINENTAL

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION



When you start with the best, things can only get better.

When you start your high fidelity system, start with the best. That's Pioneer. Experts agree that your initial choice should be the best model you can afford from a quality manufacturer—rather than a so-called "stereo" component with flashy but meaningless cosmetic touches.

That's why Pioneer has introduced the SX-434 AM-FM stereo receiver—a superb instrument for those who demand performance at a price their budget can afford.

The SX-434 is designed with the precision and quality that are part of the Pioneer tradition, with many of the same features that have made Pioneer receivers such an overwhelming popular choice among knowledgeable hi-fi enthusiasts.

The SX-434 has features like direct-coupled output circuitry for improved power bandwidth and frequency response, full tape monitor and headphone jacks, click-stop bass and treble tone controls, selectable FM interstation muting and loudness controls, FM center-of-channel tuning meter.

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The Pioneer SX-434. Under \$250* including the cabinet.

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PIONEER
when you want something better



The Pioneer SX-434

*The value shown is for informational purposes only and includes a cabinet with walnut-grained vinyl top and side panels. The actual resale price will be set by the individual Pioneer dealer at his option.



FRIEDRICH

SCHECTER

GOLDEN

SIDEY

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

For the journalist, writing books is very much a busman's holiday. In recent months several TIME staff members have devoted vacations, weekends, evenings and sometimes leaves of absence to completing books.

Five TIME correspondents have produced volumes that grew directly out of assignments for the magazine. Hays Gorey, who reported on Watergate, recalls how in August 1974 "John Dean called me, said he was preparing to enter prison, and he wanted 'Mo' to be occupied." Gorey and Maureen Dean solved the problem by collaborating on "Mo: A Woman's View of Watergate." Washington Bureau Chief Hugh Sidey wrote the text for *Portrait of a President*, a look at Gerald Ford, and for *These United States*, an homage to the country's natural beauty. Roland Flamini's tour as TIME's Hollywood reporter led to *Scarlett, Rhett and a Cast of Thousands*, the story of how *Gone With the Wind* was made. Hong Kong Bureau Chief Roy Rowan spent a week on board the *Mayaguez* after the ship was rescued from the Cambodians, taping the recollections of captain and crew. During a six-week "vacation" he wrote from 4 a.m. to 10 p.m. to produce *The Four Days of Mayaguez*. Jerrold Schlesinger, head of our Moscow bureau from 1968 to 1970 and now TIME's diplomatic editor, enlisted not only his wife but their five children to write *An American Family in Moscow*.

Four New York-based staffers have also put their expertise between hard covers. Frederic Golden, for six years our Science writer, explores "real mysteries, as opposed to phony ones like the Bermuda Triangle" in *Quasars, Pulsars and Black Holes*. Senior Editor Otto Friedrich spent a year's leave working on *Going Crazy*, a subject he chose "because it's all around us" (see BOOKS). Staff writer Stephen Schlesinger spent 18 months months writing *The New Reformers*, an analysis of recent liberal movements. Soon to be published is Associate Editor David Tinnin's *Hit Team*, the untold story of the assassination campaign launched by Israeli intelligence to avenge the 1972 Munich Olympics massacre.

Ralph P. Davidson



GOREY

SCHLESINGER

FLAMINI

ROWAN

TINNIN

INDEX

Cover Story.....46	Economy	People.....38
Color.....23, 31, 67	& Business.....53	Press.....77
Essay.....69	Environment.....78	Religion.....52
	Forum.....6	Show Business.....58
Art.....66	Law.....46	Sport.....40
Books.....72	Milestones.....45	Theater.....65
Cinema.....68	Nation.....8	World.....22

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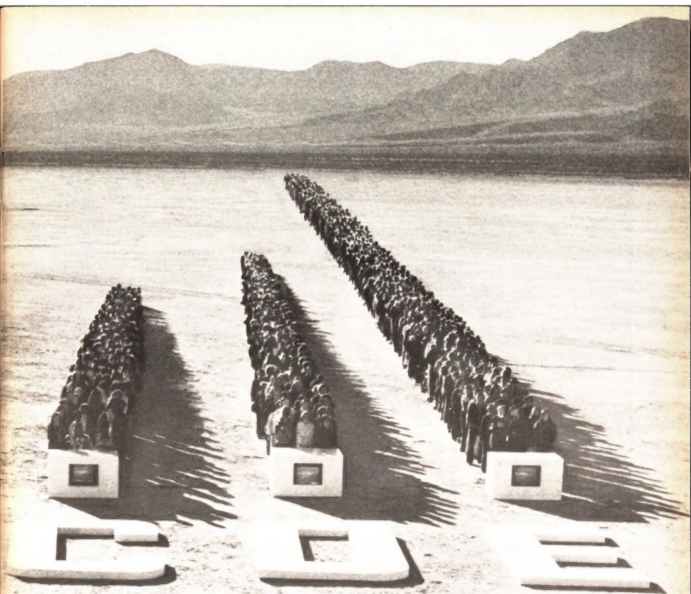


BRAND A
(133 votes)

BRAND B
(223 votes)

THE RESULTS

The new RCA XL-100 ColorTrak System won big in a TV picture preference test. The competitors? Top of the line models of the five leading console brands. ColorTrak won by more than 2½ to 1 over any of the other brands.



The photo above is a dramatization of the test results.

BRAND C
(276 votes)

BRAND D
(385 votes)

BRAND E
(1005 votes)

THE REASONS: The ColorTrak System has a new picture tube to sharpen color contrast. Picture brightness automatically adjusts to changes in room light, so pictures stay vivid in bright or dim light. Face tones are pleasing and natural. There's special circuitry designed to hold colors as you set them, through scene changes and channel changes.

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XL-100 ColorTrak

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A Genuine American Tiger

To the Editors:

Three cheers for Pat Moynihan (Jan. 26)! He is the epitome of the American success story—from bootblack and bartender to ambassador at the U.N.

How great a President he would make—no paper tiger here.

Mireille R. Gale
Berkeley, Calif.

A genuine "American tiger." We are so lucky to have him in that glass menagerie on the East River.

Jiminy Hodges
Norfolk



Not since Adlai Stevenson have we had so articulate, witty and righteously wrathful a spokesman.

Adelaide Faralli
Springfield, Pa.

Not since Winston Churchill...

Margaret Lyman
Bloomfield Hills, Mich.

Moynihan rivals William F. Buckley as a purveyor of grandiloquent nonsense.

Charles W. Griffin
Denville, N.J.

Palestine and the Palestinians are indistinguishable. Mr. Moynihan knows it. His "act" is for home consumption.

Abdur-Rahim D. Dudar
Kettering, Ohio

Moynihan is worth two in the bush.

Craig Vasey
Towson, Md.

Having served under Ambassador Moynihan in India, I can appreciate that you understand his talents and idiosyncrasies. His appointment gives us, at long last, a spokesman of courage and conviction. His forthright manner was bound to disturb the U.N. I sug-

gest that some Churchillian growls of support from Britain's representative would have been more appropriate than the petulant laments of a piqued neo-Chamberlain.

Stephen Duncan-Peters
Potomac, Md.

Never have I been more proud of a kinsman since my father told me about my grandfather (another Daniel in the lion's den), and Moynihan's granduncle, who told British ground-rent collection agents to "go to hell" in 1900.

Pat Moynihan
New Hyde Park, N.Y.

If I may paraphrase Harry Truman, Mr. Moynihan is not giving anyone hell; he is simply telling the truth and they think it is hell.

Peter Carlson
Glendale, Ariz.

Yes, Moynihan gave 'em hell, but his ego trip alienated our allies.

Norman R. Jensen
Los Angeles

Sex and the Vatican

The new Vatican bit of nonsense on sex (Jan. 26) is a true masterpiece. Until such time as the church decides that Galileo was not a heretic, Paul VI is free to believe that the world is flat and the sun rotates about the earth.

Lybrand P. Smith
Torrence, Calif.

Do you have a thing against Roman Catholics? You are not to make fun of my religion or anyone else's. Sex is on a rampage, and yet you have the nerve to point out how wrong we are.

(Mrs.) C. Cascio
Williston Park, N.Y.

It would seem to me that lifelong abstinence from sex or masturbation would be "an intrinsically and seriously disordered act."

How does the Pope justify this?

Paul L. Harris
Los Angeles

It has been my observation in 25 years of practice that those who consistently follow the teachings of Christ on sex are more peaceful, successful and happy, and look healthier and younger than those who choose not to.

Russell F. Compton, M.D.
Pasadena, Calif.

As a health educator working primarily in the area of human sexuality, I continually meet young men and wom-



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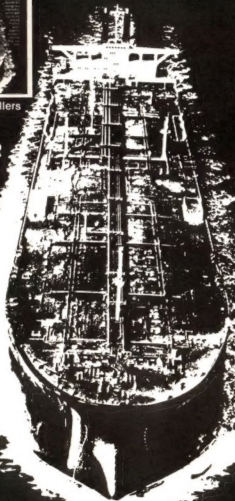
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en who are victims of doctrines similar to the one issued recently by the Vatican. They deny or repress their sexuality, cannot accept it, and therefore cannot take responsibility for it. The results are unwanted pregnancies, unhappy marriages and a booming business for abortion clinics and sex therapists.

Cynthia W. Schuetz
Carbondale, Ill.

Your interpretation of the papal statement is a howl. No one has ever said or implied that Catholics can't mix sex and fun. Only unmarried Catholics can't.

Thomas Morrette
Tarrytown, N.Y.

The aged celibates who wrote this naive, restrictive document are themselves lacking in sexual experience. Ironically, while purporting to set norms for others, they glorify the most peculiar sexual aberration of all—abstinence.

Myron J. Wiess
Pound Ridge, N.Y.

Scott-Free

Re Gulf Oil and illegal political contributions by corporations (Jan. 26): The law states it is illegal to give; is it not also illegal to receive what it is illegal to give? How can one have faith in our democratic process if some are only lightly punished and others get off Scott-free?

Roger F. Stickney
Exton, Pa.

Why Don't You Stop?

Some time ago an officer of the CIA was murdered in Greece (Jan. 5), and the story was published in our papers as if the murdered man were a member of some shameful, secret gang. Why don't you Americans stop undermining your institutions and your way of life, which, for all their defects, are the best this world has seen in the past 6,000 years? When are you going to stop blaming your Government and yourselves for everything that happens in the world?

Victor A. de Choc
Buenos Aires

Brother of James E. Ray

After reading "The King Assassination Revisited" (Jan. 26), I have to make a few comments since I am the Brother of James E. Ray. First, if George McMillan is telling the truth, then why didn't he Testify in front of Judge Macrae in November 1974? That was James E. Ray's hearing for a New Trial in which I testified. Does TIME think that George McMillan is smarter than the FBI? If not, then I would also be in Prison for helping in the King Murder. I am sure TIME didn't believe all of that Garbage that George McMillan wrote, but it does seem like a lot of people con-

After 50,000 miles of wear nothing was worn out.



Recently the editors of Road Test magazine put a Peugeot diesel through a 50,000-mile test drive, then pulled it completely apart.

While their conclusions represent the opinion of only one group of automotive experts, we'd like to share them with you:

"Judging from what we have observed during this test and teardown, owners of the Peugeot 504 diesel that service them by the book can have full expectation of watching their odometers turn 100,000 miles without having to do anything major to the car except replacing the clutch."

They then went on to say, "The concept of a lifetime automobile is a great one, and if any car should be on top of the short list of those cars, the Peugeot 504 diesel is it."

Strong praise, indeed, but not unsupported by what they found.

The brake linings were hardly worn at all. "The projected life of the front linings is 6 times the distance of the test, and that of the rear linings boggles the mind."

The shock absorbers, which are built to be good for at least 60,000 miles of normal driving, were "dry around the shaft seals and in perfect working order."

Transmission parts were "completely unscathed and gave the impression that, so long as there is lubricant in the gearbox, they are capable of rendering indefinite service."

The intake valves of the engine were "in excellent condition." The exhaust valve seats showed "little in the way of actual wear and no indication of burning." The valve lifters were "difficult to distinguish from new ones."

The cam lobes and bearings "were in perfect condition." The timing chain was "as good as new." The oil pump was in "flawless condition." The crankshaft bearing journals "measured to new tolerances."

The water pump, vacuum pump, starter and alternator "were not remarkable except that they all appeared to be in good serviceable condition."

But among all the roses, there were a few thorns. The car was caught in one of California's notorious sandstorms, which caused severe pitting of the windshield and frosting of the headlamps.

As a result, the windshield wiper blades had to be replaced, as did one of the sealed beam headlamps.

Also, the window on the driver's side got off its track and had to be rehung.

"And that was the total of unscheduled maintenance for the 50,000 miles."



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Here are the details

Just buy a Pentax K2, KX or KM camera before May 31, 1976. This earns you an automatic \$20 rebate. Then you can buy up to four SMC Pentax accessory lenses, and we'll give you a \$20 rebate on each. So if you buy a K camera and four lenses, you get a check for \$100 back.

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See your nearest Honeywell photo dealer soon for complete details. Get a new Pentax K camera and accessory lens and save! Or, for more information, write to: Honeywell Photographic, Dept. 103-735, P.O. Box 22007, Denver, CO 80222.

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ned with the News Media don't want to rock the boat, and are trying to do everything in there power to keep James E. Ray from getting a full Trial where all of the facts will come out.

You can believe one thing, and that is if my brother James E. Ray committed the crime and did so without any help, then the Justice Department wouldn't be fighting so hard against him receiving a Trial.

Jerry Ray
Lake Zurich, Ill

Dame Agatha

The beloved Agatha Christie (Jan 26) left me a legacy I would like to share with others. In a letter to me dated May 4, 1968, Dame Agatha declared: "I assure you the world is really a good and very interesting place. To enjoy sunlight one has to notice shadows."

Richard Williams
Manteno, Ill

I have been devouring the Agatha Christie novels and short stories with the intention of enjoying all 80-odd. Unfortunately, I had not come upon *The Murder of Roger Ackroyd* before Dame Agatha's death and your regrettable revelation of the culprit's identity.

Had any sort of prior restraint been available, an injunction would have been issued forbidding the publication of the issue and condemning the author of the article to an eternity sitting before the fire with Miss Marple. My vexation with you is unbounded

Larry Denenberg
Omaha

Ford's Fall

One last word on Jerry Ford's falling on the slope (Jan. 5) anyone who can ski for two days without a fall has my greatest respect. My bottom should be so lucky.

Nancy Love
Pueblo, Colo

Scrutable Chinese

A People item (Jan. 26) shows Julie Eisenhower presenting her father with a cake. "It said 'Happy Birthday, Mr. Nixon,'" disclosed Julie, "both in English and Chinese."

From what I can see of the photo, the Chinese says 生日, which means China, Shanghai.

(Mrs.) Laura K. Loughridge
born and brought up in

生日
上海

Kensington, Md

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TIME FEBRUARY 16, 1976

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\$ 767.52 in Springfield, Mass.	@ \$.052 per KWH	\$ 575.64 in Greenville, N.C.	@ \$.039 per KWH
\$ 738.00 in New Haven, Conn.	@ \$.050 per KWH	\$ 575.64 in Huntington WV	@ \$.039 per KWH
\$ 723.24 in Richmond, Va.	@ \$.049 per KWH	\$ 575.64 in Orlando, Florida	@ \$.039 per KWH
\$ 708.48 in Norfolk, Va.	@ \$.048 per KWH	\$ 560.88 in Houston, Texas	@ \$.038 per KWH
\$ 664.20 in Baltimore, Md.	@ \$.046 per KWH	\$ 560.88 in Los Angeles, Calif.	@ \$.038 per KWH
\$ 649.44 in Tampa, Florida	@ \$.044 per KWH	\$ 546.12 in Bismarck, N.D.	@ \$.037 per KWH
\$ 649.44 in Toledo, Ohio	@ \$.044 per KWH	\$ 546.12 in Little Rock, Ark.	@ \$.037 per KWH
\$ 634.68 in Detroit, Mich.	@ \$.043 per KWH	\$ 531.36 in St. Louis, Mo.	@ \$.036 per KWH
\$ 634.68 in Kansas City, Mo.	@ \$.043 per KWH	\$ 516.60 in Salt Lake City, Utah	@ \$.035 per KWH
\$ 634.68 in Washington, D.C.	@ \$.043 per KWH	\$ 501.84 in Cincinnati, Ohio	@ \$.034 per KWH
\$ 619.92 in Waterloo, Iowa	@ \$.042 per KWH	\$ 501.84 in Raleigh, N.C.	@ \$.034 per KWH
\$ 605.16 in Jacksonville, Fla.	@ \$.041 per KWH	\$ 487.08 in Atlanta, Ga.	@ \$.033 per KWH
\$ 605.16 in Sioux Falls, S.D.	@ \$.041 per KWH	\$ 472.32 in South Bend, Ind.	@ \$.032 per KWH
\$ 590.40 in Evansville, Ind.	@ \$.040 per KWH	\$ 442.80 in Mobile, Ala.	@ \$.030 per KWH
\$ 590.40 in Portland, Maine	@ \$.040 per KWH	\$ 428.04 in Sheridan, Wyo.	@ \$.029 per KWH

(In high or low humidity areas, actual savings may be more or less.)

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condensation system.

Actual savings may vary depending upon climatic conditions, individual usage and electric rate changes. Savings shown are based on estimated residential electricity costs and consumption.

For a free booklet that will let you figure out just how much you can save in your area write: Aeronutronic Ford Corporation, MS 84, Blue Bell, Pa. 19422



Savings shown in table are based on electricity rates in effect during October, 1975, represent average electricity consumption for comparable models in Gold Standard Model No. 19422, Table 120 compared with the energy consumption of comparable models in the AHAM Directory, brand name models in the Sept. 1975 Directory, and Certified Refrigerators and Freezers. List is based on the Aeronutronic Ford Corporation, Aeronutronic Model No. 19422, compared with the AHAM Model No. 19422, Table 120. All models are 15 cubic feet capacity, for comparison purposes only. Actual savings shown are based on average maximum electricity consumption.



THE REFRIGERATOR THAT HELPS PAY FOR ITSELF

TIME

AMERICAN NOTES

Counterfeit Inflation

It should come as no surprise that inflation has also hit those who manufacture phony money. In 1966 the average take after passing a counterfeit bill was \$14.30. Now the counterfeiters are making more bills of larger denominations. The average amount ripped off last year reached \$23.18, a jump of 62%. The Consumer Price Index rise since 1966 was almost exactly the same. Because big bills do not mean so much these days, a Secret Service counterfeiting specialist concedes, "you can change a \$100 bill more easily now." Trouble is, they buy less—just like real dollars.



A Real Bash in 2076

Seeing nearby towns scurrying for money to celebrate the nation's Bicentennial, Mrs. Helen Beverley, 51, of Danvers, Mass., determined that, come 2076, Danvers' city fathers would not find themselves similarly strapped. She will collect \$10 each from 100 residents and deposit the \$1,000 in a bank, along with a list of the donors, in an account not to be opened for 100 years. By her reckoning, with interest compounded quarterly at 7%, the fund will grow to "\$1,032,207 plus pennies." They can have a real bash in 2076. But will they indeed? If the recent 6.2% annual inflation rate were to continue, the purchasing power of the accumulated funds would amount to \$2,519.51.

Increasing the Lockup

For those who believe that prison is the surest antidote to crime, the news last week was good. It gave others pause, however, when *Corrections* magazine reported that as 1976 began, 249,538 people were behind bars in the U.S.—the highest number of federal and state inmates in history. The total has been ris-

ing slowly since 1967, when it stood at 195,000, and last year's jump of 24,000 was the largest on record. Every state showed a rise except California, whose prison population dropped 20% because of new parole guidelines.

Elsewhere totals climbed not only because crime and the number of arrests increased but also because judges were meting out longer sentences and parole boards were harder to persuade that some inmates should be freed. These factors may or may not deter crime, but they will surely lead to overcrowding and understaffing unless prison budgets are increased to carry the new load.

By Any Other Name

"Wonder who your wives and girl friends are out with tonight?" cooed Tokyo Rose to GIs in the Pacific in World War II, hoping that her infamously seductive lilt would chip away at their morale. In fact, there never was a Tokyo Rose. The name was given by GIs to twelve or more English-speaking women who, beginning in 1942, regularly broadcast out of Tokyo and other points. By her own admission, one of the sultry voices belonged to Mrs. Iva Toguri d'Aquino, now 59, who operates a gift shop in Chicago—and is still thought of by some as Tokyo Rose.

She was a Los Angeles-born U.S. citizen when she went to Japan in 1941 to visit a sick aunt. She was trapped in the war, and as a virtual P.O.W., she claims, was forced to make several of the 340 U.S.-monitored broadcasts. Her on-the-air nickname was "Orphan Ann." A 1946 U.S. Army legal memo acknowledged that there was no evidence that she had ever addressed treasonous remarks to specific American units. She never renounced her American citizen-

ship and, as a result, was convicted in San Francisco in 1949 on one count of treason. She thus lost her citizenship, spent 6½ years in prison and was fined \$10,000.

Now the 30,000-member Japanese-American Citizens League is circulating a petition to have Mrs. Aquino pardoned by President Ford. "The judge sentenced the legend of Tokyo Rose," contends the league, not a real person. Mrs. Aquino is far from sanguine about the outcome of the pardon effort, but recognizes that it would at least restore her U.S. citizenship. "America is my home; it will always be my home," she declares, "and I never did anything disloyal to the country I love."

Taps for the Draft Board

There has been one all but total casualty of President Ford's new budget: the draft board. Ford and the Office of Management and Budget have decided to rely on the National Guard and reserve troops to fill out the regular volunteer forces in the early stages of any national emergency. The Selective Service budget will be cut by 80%, to less than \$7 million in fiscal 1977. That is enough to keep 100 employees (down from 2,000 now) planning emergency preparedness procedures, but far less than would be needed to register the 2 million or so youths who turn 18 each year. So no more draft cards are being issued. It is still unlawful, however, for men who already have them to destroy their little black and white cards.



FOREIGN RELATIONS

The Kissinger Issue Heats Up

More and more, Henry Kissinger is becoming a domestic political issue. Ronald Reagan gets consistent applause when he charges that Kissinger's policy of détente is a "one-way street." While being attacked from the right, he is also getting hell from the left, either because liberals have abandoned their traditional support of détente or because they oppose his interventionist views in Angola and elsewhere. He is thus in the unusual position of being accused of being too dovish and too hawkish.

His relations with Congress are at their lowest ebb. Kissinger has just about given up hope of capping his career with a new Middle East breakthrough. Most important, the Secretary of State's great

out" from Ronald Reagan, Scoop Jackson and other skeptics of détente. Meanwhile, those who support détente would give most of the credit for a deal not to Ford but Kissinger. Says a SALT insider: "In any in-house debate on SALT, Henry can beat the military boys hands down, as long as you leave domestic politics out of it. But domestic politics are not left out of it any more."

The Secretary is finding that Rumsfeld is a more adroit maneuverer than Kissinger's old opponent James Schlesinger ever was. Says an insider: "Rummy is a dummy as a SALT scholastic. But he's politically savvy as hell, and he's going around town saying the U.S. can

DENNIS BRACE—BLACK STAR

Middle East next month, he should leave Kissinger at home so the President would not have to share the spotlight. This recommendation, quite astounding given Kissinger's role in the Middle East, will probably be rejected since it would undoubtedly cause the Secretary to resign.

As always, Kissinger is fighting back—for himself and his policies. Although troubled by the fact that his wife Nancy had to undergo serious surgery for an ulcer, Kissinger last week made a swing through the West, and the heartiness of the reception buoyed his spirits. At the University of Wyoming, he told 10,000 students: "The people of this land remind me once again that America is



SECRETARY OF DEFENSE DONALD RUMSFELD AT WORK IN HIS OFFICE. Maneuvering behind formidable walls in the White House.

desire that a new Strategic Arms Limitation treaty with the Soviets could be signed this year is in grave jeopardy. Rumors swirl in Washington that he may quit in a couple of months. Says one of his aides: "Henry feels that the walls are closing in on him."

The most formidable walls are right within the White House because a fundamental change has taken place there since Kissinger visited Leonid Brezhnev in Moscow last month to negotiate a SALT pact. Politics have been injected into Gerald Ford's foreign policy. For the first time, his political advisers, notably Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld, have matched if not surpassed the Secretary of State in their influence on presidential decisions about SALT.

They are cautioning Ford that any new arms-control agreement, no matter how sound, would evoke cries of "sell-

live without a SALT agreement this year, and Kissinger's deadline is just that—it's Kissinger's deadline, not the country's or even the Administration's."

Rumsfeld's position was supported last week by 16 conservative Senators. Democrats as well as Republicans, who sent a letter to the President urging him to go slow on SALT. "We ask that you instruct the Secretary of State that negotiations should continue without regard to ill-advised demands for an immediate agreement. Hurried diplomacy creates vulnerability and distrust, not arms control and understanding."

Fighting Back. On his Moscow trip, Kissinger was given little rein by the White House to develop initiatives. Some detractors have wanted to put him on an even tighter leash. One campaign adviser suggested that if Ford visits the



SECRETARY OF STATE HENRY KISSINGER

not the cynical, confused and tired nation so many in Washington would have us believe it is." At the various stops he again complained of lack of congressional support for his attempt to oppose Soviet intervention in Angola, not because he wants to revive the old containment policy of the cold war but because he is seeking through tough talk to offset what he considers a damaging U.S. policy failure. (The Soviets promptly stepped up their personal attacks on him.) He defended détente and criticized Congress for interfering too much in the Administration's conduct of foreign policy. "It was clear the pendulum swung too far [toward the Administration] in the

THE NATION

1960s," he said. "It's equally clear it is now swinging too far the other way." While Congress can set basic policy guidelines, he feels it lacks the means for "executing a coherent, consistent, comprehensive policy." Kissinger could not resist taking another one of his digs at Congress that have earned him enemies on the Hill. How could Congressmen say he was disdainful of them, he asked, when "my friends say I've spent seven years in Washington concealing my contempt."

Asked whether he might resign, Kissinger replied that he had no plans to "follow Dr. Moynihan either to Harvard or out of Government" (see story following page). Though he realizes he will

probably not be in office next year no matter who is elected, he wants to stay on the job for 1976. TIME Diplomatic Editor Jerrold Schechter reports: "Kissinger sees himself as holding the structure of the nation's foreign policy together, and he is in no position to hand over foreign policy to a successor now. He fears the impact of his leaving would contribute to the sense of drift, he will stay as long as he is effective."

For all the attacks on Kissinger, Ford has good reason to defend him. The Harris poll shows that Americans continue to believe it is possible to reach long-term agreements with the Soviets (by 44% to 39%) and favor SALT (by

59% to 14%). Louis Harris' latest polls of Republicans and independents indicate that by substantial margins they believe Reagan is better able than Ford to handle such domestic issues as inflation. Government spending and inspiring confidence in the White House, but Ford is far ahead in handling relations with Russia, China and Western Europe.

Thus on the campaign trail Ford plans to emphasize his capabilities in foreign affairs. Whether or not a SALT deal is signed, the President is committed to support détente. If he fails to defend it now, he may encourage isolationism and a return to the cold war—and lose the election as well. But to defend détente the President also has to stand up for his chief architect, Kissinger. Says a top presidential adviser: "Ford can't let Kissinger become a political football among his opponents, and only the President can lead that fight."



SKETCH OF MUCH-DEBATED NEW SOVIET BACKFIRE BOMBER

A Call to Slow the Costly Race

On his Western trip last week, Henry Kissinger hammered out the urgent message: The alternative to a new SALT deal is an expensive and wasteful nuclear arms race that will not improve the security of either nation and might even make a nuclear war more likely. His talks with Soviet Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev were intended to wrap up the broad agreement between President Ford and the Russian leader at Vladivostok in November 1974 to limit each side to 2,400 long-range missiles and bombers. Of this number, only 1,320 could carry MIRVs—clusters of independently aimed warheads. Kissinger brought home proposed compromises on most of the unsettled issues, but they satisfied none of his critics. Said Richard Perle, a foreign policy adviser to Scoop Jackson: "He gave everything away."

The critics' two main contentions:

- The new Supersonic Soviet Backfire bomber would not be counted under the proposed SALT ceiling on weapons systems. The Soviets maintain that the bomber is not a long-range weapon because it cannot fly farther than 7,000 miles. Pentagon strategists argue that Backfire should still be included under the proposed SALT agreement because

if based in the Arctic or refueled in mid-air, the bomber could reach the U.S. To allay Pentagon fears, the Soviets offered to limit the number of Backfires and restrict their mid-air refueling and Arctic basing capabilities. Reflecting Pentagon suspicions about Russian promises, a U.S. strategist called the Backfire proposal "nonsense."

- Development could be held back on the new U.S. cruise missile, a jet-propelled bomb that can be launched from a plane or sub and has a range of 1,400 to 2,300 miles. Reason: the proposal would count any bomber carrying cruise missiles against the 1,320 MIRV limit set at Vladivostok. As a result, the U.S. would have to give up some existing MIRVed missiles, such as land-based Minuteman IIIs or submarine-based Poseidons—a sacrifice that the Pentagon is unwilling to make.


Kissinger regards the Pentagon arguments as faulty. For one thing, the Backfire can reach the U.S. from Arctic bases without mid-air refueling only if it conserves fuel by flying at subsonic speeds. Asks a senior U.S. official: "Why would the Russians develop a supersonic airplane to fly subsonic missions?"

Moreover, although Kissinger originally supported the cruise missile as a bargaining chip in arms negotiations, he now sees it as a Pentagon fixation, a nostrum advanced by the generals, in the senior official's facetious words, "as a cure for everything from cancer to the common cold."

Kissinger also points out to associates that the proposed SALT agreement would force the Soviets to give up several hundred high-performance nuclear weapons systems in order to get under the Vladivostok ceiling. Moreover, as a further concession to the U.S., the Soviets have offered to lower this limit by a few hundred, possibly to 2,200 missiles and bombers. The U.S.S.R. now has 2,530 long-range missiles and bombers; in contrast, the U.S. has 2,160. Says the senior U.S. official: "Whatever else happens, a reduction is better for us."

In San Francisco last week, Kissinger claimed that if SALT fails, the U.S. will have to boost its spending on nuclear armaments by \$20 billion over the next five years. Pentagon and congressional critics protested that he overstated the price. Still, without an agreement, pressures for even more exotic weapons systems will grow. As Kissinger put it, "In the nature of things, if one side expands its strategic arsenal, the other side will inevitably match it."

Kissinger argued further that passing up a SALT treaty "would be a tragically missed opportunity." If the arms race again accelerated, he said, "tensions are likely to increase; a new, higher baseline will emerge from which future negotiations would eventually have to begin." On the other hand, remembering that in foreign policy "what is attainable falls short of the ideal," he said that the pact will move the U.S. and Soviet Union into "the difficult but promising beginning of long-term strategic equilibrium at lower levels of forces."

An elaborate, dark-colored border frames the central text. It features a repeating pattern of pink and red poppies, smaller red hearts, and green leaves. At the top corners are cherubs holding baskets of fruit. At the top center are two white doves flanking a large red heart. At the bottom corners are more cherubs. At the bottom center is a decorative banner with a heart and the brand name.

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Pat's Acupuncture—and Why

Until the very last moment, Daniel Patrick Moynihan claims, he did not know whether he would quit as U.S. Ambassador to the U.N. "I made up my mind 30 times," he said. "It's like Mark Twain said: 'Giving up smoking is easy. I've done it a thousand times.'" Last week Moynihan finally made up his mind: he was resigning.

Nobody was more surprised than his boss. Only five days before, Moynihan had assured the President that he would remain at the U.N. On learning the news, Ford frowned and asked, "Why?"

Institutional Loyalty. The answer was complex. Moynihan explained that Harvard insisted on his returning this semester; otherwise, he would lose his tenure. He had been granted two two-year leaves: the first to work as an aide to President Nixon, the second to serve as Ambassador to India. He had only been back one semester when he took the U.N. job. Harvard is insistent on "institutional loyalty," says Harvard Soci-

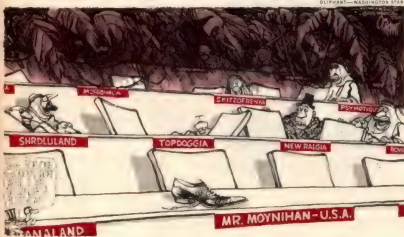
open, without in any way trying to open it myself." But it would hardly contribute to an image of stability for Moynihan to have served at the U.N. for eight months, bounce back to Harvard for a few months and then bounce into New York State politics.

The main reason for Moynihan's resignation, however, was his dispute with many State Department professionals. Henry Kissinger had grown increasingly impatient with the outspoken, unpredictable ambassador, whom he considered to be often out of control. Besides, Kissinger did not like being upstaged by Moynihan. Above all, he was nettled by Moynihan's attacks on the State Department. Says a presidential confidant: "Pat was using political acupuncture on Henry, and Henry finally shrieked."

What finally caused Moynihan to resign, friends say, was a column by New York Timesman James Reston that said "Messrs. Ford and Kissinger support



MOYNIHAN AT U.N. AFTER QUITTING



"Is he REALLY gone??"

ologist David Riesman. "There would be not much leeway with anyone, particularly someone like Moynihan who had shown a somewhat tenuous or peripatetic relationship to the institution."

Though he did not mention it, Moynihan may also run for the Senate. He had once said it would be "dishonorable" for him to desert the U.N. to go into politics. The pledge might be mitigated if he spent several intervening months at Harvard. Some New York Democratic leaders have suggested that he would make the strongest candidate against Republican James Buckley. Moynihan said he was "leaving the door

him in public and deplore him in private." Moynihan figured that Kissinger fed that directly to Reston. The day after the column appeared, Moynihan quit. His critics believe he had been looking for just such an excuse.

Kissinger denied he wanted to force Moynihan out. They were old friends, he insisted, and he had recommended Moynihan for the ambassadorship to India as well as the U.N. job. Moynihan's successor, said Kissinger, would continue the same policy of confronting America's critics, though in a more restrained way. "There are no two Pat Moynihans in America," Kissinger remarked with apparent relief. The U.N. job has been offered to William Scranton, former Republican Governor of Pennsylvania, though he turned it down once before. Cracked a top State Department aide: "We're not going to give another Democrat a platform to run

for the Senate." Other possibilities being mentioned for the post are Clarence Mitchell, director of the Washington bureau of the N.A.A.C.P., and Shirley Temple Black.

The President was genuinely sorry to see Moynihan go. "Pat was doing precisely what the President wanted him to do," said a White House aide. The widespread approval of Moynihan's strategy—notably from the party's rebellious right wing—was obviously a plus for the President.

Good Man. As soon as Moynihan quit, Ronald Reagan started making him a campaign issue. Isn't it too bad, Reagan told an audience in southern Florida, that the Administration could not keep such a good man? "He was the first ambassador saying a lot of things to those jokers up there that should be said." However, no one emerged from the Moynihan affair with very much credit. The ambassador appeared to be excessively petulant. Kissinger looked like a man who had undervalued a valuable if hard-to-handle ambassador. And the President, still wounded by the recent resignation of Labor Secretary John Dunlop and the mishandled firings of Defense Secretary James Schlesinger and CIA Chief William Colby, did not seem to be in proper control of his own Administration.

Harvard is indeed sticky about granting leaves. In late 1968 President-elect Richard Nixon phoned Nathan Pusey, then Harvard's president, to request a leave for Professor Kissinger. Pusey said all right, but the maximum for leaves was two years. Replied Nixon: "I was hoping you could make it longer. We will not be taking so many [from Harvard] this time."

REPUBLICANS

Connally: Restless and Ready

Almost a year after a federal jury acquitted him on charges of accepting a \$10,000 bribe to help raise milk price supports, John Bowden Connally Jr. is about to step back into public life: President Ford plans to return him to the ten-member Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board. For a man who was Richard Nixon's close adviser, John Kennedy's Navy Secretary, and three-term Governor of Texas, it is another start. The board is to be given larger responsibilities in overseeing the Government's battered intelligence agencies. TIME National Political Correspondent Robert Ajemian interviewed Connally on a recent visit to New York. His report:

Reagan knocks Ford out of the race but winds up bruised and vulnerable in the process, there will be an opportunity. "I can't get involved in scuttling a sitting President," he notes. "But Reagan can. Reagan has built a real constituency in the party. Ford never has. His principal asset is the muscle and mystique of the presidency." Now Connally is at the end of the sofa, knee to knee finally, leaning forward.

He has been miffed at Ford because the President rarely consulted him. Connally, a Democrat until he switched parties in 1973, recognizes that his chances of becoming President are less than slim, and he speaks enthusiastically about his other activities. He

Connally insists that he never really counted on Nixon's naming him Vice President. "Nixon used to say a lot of things," he said, shrugging. "He told me he'd never, ever, make Kissinger Secretary of State."

Whether people find Connally enormously attractive or menacing as a cobra, they are fascinated with him. What would he bring to a political candidacy? He says he is convinced the public wants discipline instead of promises. Connally feels promises lead to inefficiency, then to disorder, and then even to anarchy. If the public were forced to choose between anarchy and dictatorship, offers Connally, it would choose dictatorship. Says he: "People want to be led."

As evidence of this desire to be led, Connally points to the public's reaction to the 1973 oil embargo. "We saw how willing people were to sacrifice," he says. "It suddenly became clear to everybody that we were living extravagantly, wasting energy, wasting food. People were ready to accept fewer comforts. But then nobody asked them to."

Simmering Issue. Virtually alone, Connally does not feel the economy will dominate this year's election. Rather, he sees foreign affairs as the simmering issue; he fears increasing problems with the Russians around the globe. "They see a weakness in us, and they're acting far more aggressively." He foresees Communist dangers in almost all the countries rimming the Mediterranean and in Malaysia. "Wherever I go," he says, "leaders all ask me: 'Is the U.S. going to keep up its role as world leader?' The world can't stand such a vacuum." The liberals, he points out with some sarcasm, are now the isolationists, while businessmen are the internationalists.

Connally tosses out his ideas with great force. He wants a constitutional amendment to enforce a balanced budget. He proposes a crash program to mine the vast U.S. coal reserves. One of his ideas was so bold it seemed outlandish. He says that in 1972 he got Nixon and the Shah of Iran to consider forming a joint company, owned by the two governments, to buy up the reserves of U.S. oil companies throughout the Middle East countries. The Shah agreed that he would militarily defend the new company's interests against any Arab bullying. But the idea got sidetracked when Nixon became caught up in 1972 election politics—and Watergate.

One idea that does not appeal to Connally is that he head up a third party ticket. The proposal was made to him last month at his Texas ranch by three conservatives. Author Kevin Phillips, Fund Raiser Richard Viqueirie, and Howard Phillips, director of the Conservative Caucus. Connally declined, stressing that it would lead to political fragmentation. Then with characteristic bluntness he added: "Let's not kid each other. If Reagan catches on, you fellows would drop me in a second."



JOHN CONNALLY AWAITING SPEECH APPEARANCE IN WASHINGTON HOTEL
Prowling the sidelines, eying the presidential race.

A restless political prowler, John Connally hates to be out of the center of the action. In his riverboat-gambler style he continues to calculate his chances to become President. "Right now," he says, "there's room for only two men on the court, Ford and Reagan. But if one of them is eliminated, it's an entirely different situation for me. I'm watching it closely."

As he talks, Connally slowly works his way down the sofa toward the interviewer, telling how five top Michigan Republicans are urging him to get into the presidential race. His thin, somewhat sulky mouth and upturned nose give him a youthful look, even at 58. He had thought, Connally goes on, that Reagan would prove to be a more skillful campaigner than he has, better able to deflect the grilling of the press. Reagan's awkwardness has helped Ford recover and, according to Connally's appraisal, further reduced the chance of a political opening for anyone else.

The scenario for any Connally success is simple if a little precarious. If

gives speeches around the nation on vital issues. He has a big ranch at Floresville, 180 miles east of Houston, where he raises Santa Gertrudis cattle. As the top man in Houston's largest law firm, he makes international business deals for major U.S. corporations. In Britain last month he met with Cabinet Officers James Callaghan and Anthony Wedgwood Benn. last week he left for the Far East.

Connally has always enjoyed the fancy and favor of powerful men. "He likes deep rugs and rich people," says Ray Evans, former head of the Texas ATT-CIO. Richard Nixon was almost awe-struck by him and told Connally he was going to make him President. Nixon proposed to put him on the 1972 ticket in place of Spiro Agnew. But Attorney General John Mitchell talked the President out of dumping Agnew. "Believing that Nixon could bring that deal off," says one of Connally's closest friends, "was the biggest mistake of John's life. But it's hard to blame him. It was a pretty dazzling proposition."



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7. Winner must be a resident of the United States, Canada, Mexico, and Puerto Rico.
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Please enter me in the "Wide World of White Horse" Contest. The difference between the White Horse Cellar scene shown here and the scene appearing on the White Horse bottle back label is (check one):



The date on the White Horse sign is different.

There should be a flag on the roof.

The stagecoach and horses should face right instead of left.

There should be a window instead of a chimney on the roof directly behind the White Horse sign.

I certify that I am of legal drinking age under the laws of my home state.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

10 Second Prize winners receive a handsome World Bar.

REPRODUCED BY WHITE HORSE • 50 PROOF
FROM AGENTS: BOTTLE AND CO. N.Y.C. N.Y.
BOTTLE AND CO. N.Y.C. N.Y.

Why owning a full-size



Because a lot of people still need the room.

You know who you are. You're the family of six that isn't about to compromise on passenger space—and shouldn't have to. Or you're the professional who drives more in one day than many people do in a month. Or you're just about anyone for whom a roomy, smooth-riding '76 full-size Chevrolet feels right—be it the popular Impala or luxurious Caprice.

They both spell *room*. According to published dimensions, our full-size coupes and sedans are roomier than those from our nearest sales competitor—more shoulder and leg room in both the front and rear seats. Note, too, that the trunk of any '76 full-size Chevrolet coupe or sedan will hold over 18 cubic feet of luggage.



Interior beauty, solid comfort and durability: the hallmarks of Body by Fisher.



Because people still hook up to loads like this one.

The full-size '76 Chevrolet with proper trailering equipment can pull loads up to 6,000 pounds. That's about a ton more than the recommended limit for any American-made compact.



GM

Chevrolet still makes sense.

Because of resale. Based on Automotive Market Report national averages, 3- and 4-year-old Impala and Caprice coupes and sedans have a higher resale value than the most similar models from our nearest sales competitor.

In fact, a 4-year-old Caprice sedan has a higher resale value than most other full-size sedans.

21% better
mileage
EPA
city test

Because of Impala's improvement in gas mileage since 1974.

According to city mileage tests conducted by the EPA on 1974 and 1976 models, the Impala Custom Coupe with standard 350-2 V8 power train shows a 21% improvement in fuel economy. (Highway mileage tests were not run by the EPA in 1974.)

EPA Buyer's Guide ratings for all 1976 Caprice and Impala sedans and coupes with standard 350-2 V8 are 13 mpg City, 18 Highway.

Remember: EPA mileage ratings are estimates. The actual mileage you get will vary depending on the type of driving you do, your driving habits, your car's condition and available equipment. For California EPA ratings and power train combinations, see your Chevy dealer.

Because you could save over \$530 in recommended maintenance costs on the '76 model, compared to the '74.

In 50,000 miles of driving, if you follow the Owner's Manual for recommended service, a full-size 1976 Chevrolet with a standard 350 V8 engine using unleaded fuel could save you over \$530 in maintenance costs, compared to the '74 model using leaded fuel.

While parts and labor costs will vary throughout the country, we've used current list prices for parts and lubricants, and a figure of \$12 an hour for labor.



Because a full-size Chevrolet is probably priced lower than the full-size you had in mind.

Comparing Manufacturers' Suggested Retail Prices for base models, you'll find full-size Chevrolets are priced lower than all full-size cars from our nearest six sales competitors. For that matter, they're not priced much higher than similarly equipped smaller cars.

The 1976 Impala and Caprice: full-size sensibility from Chevrolet.

Chevrolet brings you the Winter Olympics—ABC TV February 3-15.



1976 Impala Custom Coupe

Chevrolet

I don't judge my cigarette by its length.

There's only one reason to smoke: taste.
Not length. Not looks. Winston Super King gives me
the real Winston taste I like and the extra
length I want. So I get as much taste per millimeter as
any cigarette can give. For me, Winston is for real.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



THE FORDS & DAUGHTER SUSAN ARRIVE IN MANCHESTER, N.H., FOR ELECTION SWING

THE PRESIDENCY/HUGH SIDNEY

Hail to the—uh—Campaigner

White House politics isn't what it used to be. It has been captured by bookkeepers. It has the excitement of an accountants' convention.

This is the inevitable aftermath of Watergate, the heightened sense of political morality and all those new campaign regulations. But now and then there is a lament for the good old days, when nobody could tell the difference between Government and politics and nobody much cared. Then a man like Larry O'Brien, Special Assistant to the President of the U.S., went behind his oak door in the White House, rolled up his sleeves, got out his charts, lighted up his Marlboro and called up the country's resident professor of practical political theology, Richard Joseph Daley, mayor of Chicago. O'Brien might spend most of the day on such calls—maybe even most of the week or the month. Nobody worried that he was on the public payroll or that taxpayers footed the exorbitant phone bill. What a game it was until Richard Nixon ruined it all.

Gerald Ford has changed the White House language of politics. We now have what the White House terms "governing" and "electioneering"—each quite separate, at least in theory. Under governing come signing and vetoing bills, explaining programs, seeking public support for policy. There is no way to say this is not political too, but there is no way to deny it is governing. Under electioneering come wooing delegates, setting up campaign organizations, raising money.

Rogers C.B. Morton, brought into the White House as a "political" aide in the old sense of the word, will live in both worlds for the simple reason that somebody has to. So that he may conform to the new codes of rectitude, bookkeepers are now devising formulas to divide up his time, his travel, his words, his work between the payrolls of the Ford Campaign Committee and the White House.

Elaborate books have now been devised to assign the cost of the seats on Air Force One on the basis of what each staffer does on each trip the President takes. Originally there were even plans to charge for half seats, but the Ford staff decided that when in doubt let the election committee pay, not the public.

By formula, when candidate Ford went to New Hampshire on a campaign trip last weekend, his press secretary Ron Nessen became a split personality, his traveling expenses listed under electioneering. A T & T, which furnishes the press phone car for the President, discovered Nessen's new definition and threw him out of the car because the corporation's executives feared this service would be counted as an illegal political contribution. Ma Bell is touchy about such things these days.

Ford, who campaigned in the south of New Hampshire, wanted to ski in the north. But only by helicopter could he have cut travel time enough to get in a run or two. At \$830 per hour, which would have had to go on the electioneering tab, the desire was squelched. Phone records can get Presidents into trouble. When Richard Cheney, Ford's chief of staff, was on *Face the Nation* the other Sunday, some California enthusiasts sent an election contribution to the White House. Cheney adhered religiously to the new guide book. The money was not delivered to the committee, but was mailed directly back to the contributor with instructions as to how he might send it back to Washington to the committee's address.

Last Wednesday evening Ford and his key campaign men sat in the Oval Office planning speeches, selecting film clips and listening to radio blurbs as the candidate smiled with enthusiasm or frowned with displeasure. This material was put together by crews hired by the Campaign Committee. But when those pictures of Gerald Ford meeting with Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin show up in TV ads, there will be no way known to man to separate candidate from President. We can have fun arguing about it though.

ISSUES

Uproar over Abortion

In many parts of the nation, an uproar is rising that is making an old question this year's newest election issue: abortion. The Right to Life forces have picked it up with fresh fervor, threatening to withhold their votes from any candidate who does not call for making almost all abortions illegal.

In New Hampshire, where 75% of Democrats who vote in primaries are Catholic, former Georgia Governor Jimmy Carter, a Democratic contender, is peppered with the question time and again. Though he personally opposes abortion, he supports the 1973 Supreme Court decision legalizing it—but some critics claim he had been ambiguous before the Iowa precinct caucuses (*see PRESS*). On the stump, Indiana's Birch Bayh is plagued by anti-abortion demonstrators who decry his leadership last year in the Senate against a constitutional amendment that would have outlawed most abortions. Sargent Shriver does not favor overturning the Supreme Court decision, but proposes setting up "life-support" centers to counsel women seeking abortions on whether or not to really have the operation. Ellen McCormack, 49, a housewife from Merrick, N.Y., is running hard in the Democratic primary in the state—as well as in Massachusetts—representing the anti-abortion Right to Life movement. Her support is broad enough nationally that last week she qualified as the eleventh Democrat to collect federal matching funds.

Too Far. Among the Republicans, Ronald Reagan has come out flatly against abortion on demand and in favor of the constitutional amendment outlawing abortion except in rare cases posing a clear risk to the woman's life. In response to growing pressures for his own views, President Ford last week told Walter Cronkite in a CBS-TV interview that the Supreme Court "went too far" in striking down state laws against abortion. Instead, Ford offered "a moderate position," opposing abortion on demand but recognizing that there were cases, including rape and illness, when "abortion should be permitted." He advocated a constitutional amendment that would allow each state to decide whether or not it would allow abortions.

Ford's waffling statement angered all sides. Many critics noted that under his plan, an affluent woman from a state that outlawed abortion could travel to a state that permitted it, but a poor woman would scarcely have that choice. The anti-abortion March for Life termed Ford's position "useless"; the pro-abortion National Women's Political Caucus called it "clearly regressive." Once again Betty Ford chided her roommate. She reaffirmed her support of the Supreme Court's decision, which took the issue "out of the backwoods and put [it] in the hospital where it belongs."

TRANSPORTATION

Here Comes the Concorde, Maybe

At 11:55 a.m. last Wednesday, just as planned in advance, the short, portly Cabinet officer made his phone call. Hurrying away from testifying before the House Appropriations Committee, he borrowed 15¢ from an aide and dialed a private number from a phone booth. Then Secretary of Transportation William T. Coleman Jr. announced his decision to President Gerald Ford: he would let the British-French supersonic Concorde fly into and out of Washington and New York City, but only on a limited experimental and tightly controlled basis.

Go Ahead. The decision was entirely Coleman's, and the way he made it—and announced it—was typical of the feisty and independent approach he has taken to the nation's transportation problems since becoming Secretary last March. Coleman never even discussed the Concorde in detail with Ford or his aides. The President was pleased to allow someone else to handle the politically nettlesome question. So anxious was Coleman to keep his report secret that he had arranged to call the President only 20 minutes before the press

conference at which he revealed his plan. Ford gave his quick approval, but even if he had not, Coleman intended to go ahead.

Coleman announced that the U.S. would allow Air France to fly two round trips a day from Paris to New York's John F. Kennedy International Airport and one round trip to Dulles International, 20 miles outside Washington. Flying from London to Kennedy and Dulles, British Airways was given permission to make the same number of flights. The Secretary approved this limited schedule for only 16 months—long enough, he said, to determine whether the advantages of developing supersonic flight across the North Atlantic were outweighed by the damage the Concorde might do to the environment and the distress it could cause to people on the ground. If the flights created any serious problems, Coleman said, they would be stopped "forthwith."

He made no attempt to dodge the claims of the environmentalists, who led the fight that stopped the development in 1971 of an American SST by killing its federal financing. In his 61-page decision, the Secretary frankly admitted that the 100-passenger Concorde "will be noisier than existing subsonic aircraft, save arguably for the B-707 and DC-8 on landing, which [form] 27% of the U.S. commercial fleet." As for fears

that the Concorde would pollute the air or change the climate, Coleman found no evidence of any significant danger. Some critics of the Concorde have charged it would reduce the concentration of ozone in the stratosphere that protects the earth from ultraviolet rays, thereby increasing the incidence of non-fatal skin cancer. Coleman judged that the stratospheric impact of the 16 months of test flights would be "minuscule," and the slight risk of causing additional cases of the disease—which he called "speculation"—was not enough to reject landing rights for the Concorde.

Noting that "any new technology brings with it a certain degree of risk," Coleman concluded that the Concorde's prospective benefits were worth the chance. An outright ban, he said, would be a blow to Britain and France, two allies that had sunk \$2.8 billion into the Concorde. Further, Coleman claimed that turning down the Concorde "may well be condemning for all time or delaying for decades what might be a very significant technological advance for mankind." Second-generation Concorde, he said, could be quieter and less harmful to the environment.

Very Rich. Later Coleman dealt with the argument that the Concorde would only be a plaything or a convenience for the very rich, since the proposed fare for a New York-London round trip was \$1,360, v. \$1,156 on a regular jet for a first-class ticket—and \$584 for tourist class in winter. In the past, the Secretary pointed out, wealthy passengers have been the first to pay the extra fares to ride on new aircraft, but the mass market, attracted by better service and time saving, soon followed.

Coleman's tempered and sensible decision immediately ran into flak. The Environmental Defense Fund filed a suit in federal court to overturn the ruling. On Capitol Hill, the general mood was to let the tests go ahead, but several bills were introduced to ban the Concorde. Wisconsin's Senator William Proxmire angrily declared that Coleman "has decided to place the profits of a foreign airline ahead of the health of Americans living around Kennedy and Dulles airports." Congressional or court action would be necessary to keep the jet out of Dulles, a federal facility, but New York's Governor Hugh Carey has veto power over what happens at Kennedy, and he has declared his flat opposition to the Concorde.

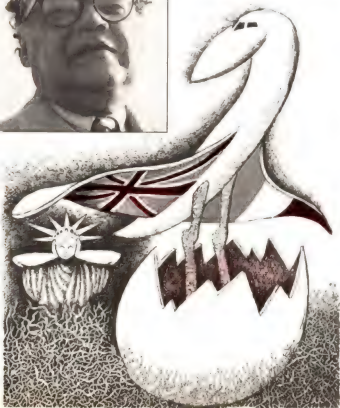
Although they recognized the difficulties ahead, the British and the French were delighted with Coleman's ruling. Air France is talking of starting service in April and British Airways in early summer. If—and when—the Concorde gets off the ground, the sleek, needle-nosed jet would not only reduce the flight time across the Atlantic, from about seven to 3½ hours, but turn time backward. A passenger leaving London at 10:45 in the morning would arrive in Washington at 9:50 a.m.

TRANSPORTATION SECRETARY COLEMAN



ERIC SWANSON—REUTERS

TIME CONCORDE COVER BY TIM





WATERFRONT SHANTIES IN SAN JUAN CONTRASTING WITH MODERN BANK BUILDINGS ALONG SKYLINE

PUERTO RICO

Trying to Make It Without Miracles

Puerto Rico came to the U.S. as a prize of the Spanish-American War, and no colonial concubine ever passed to a new master with so meager a trousseau; the island was virtually devoid of natural resources and could barely feed itself. Only after World War II did Puerto Rico move from wretched poverty to the highest living standard in Latin America. It also achieved considerable autonomy under a unique political status called commonwealth by mainlanders and Estado Libre Asociado (Free Associated State) by islanders.

Now the boom is over, and Puerto Rico's future is clouded. Soaring population and the first real depression in the island's modern history have compounded the social stresses of breakneck industrialization. Pro-independence leftists are attempting to exploit the turmoil both on the island and abroad. *TIME* Correspondent Laurence I. Barrett visited Puerto Rico to learn how its people and politicians are coping. His report.

In the *barrio* called Mosquitos on the south coast, there is little movement or noise on the dirt streets under a baking midday sun. The sugar season has just begun, so the men lucky enough to have jobs are swinging machetes in the cane-fields or working in the Aguirre sugar mill. Toddlers amble about shoeless and bottomless, a black hog wanders out of an alley to confront a tethered goat, and idle teen-age boys chat quietly in small groups. Most of the tiny houses are made of scrap metal and salvage lumber. People have two dreams: to own a concrete house and to win big in the lottery.

Manny Santel is doubtless the luckiest man in Mosquitos. A skilled worker and union leader at the Aguirre mill, he won a \$17,000 lottery. So he had a new house built and paid for Señora Santel's sterilization after only five children. But he is an exception, a relatively sophisticated returnee from New York (those who come back are called *Neoricans*, a term touched with envy and resentment). "My brother," he says, "has

21 kids. Nobody around here pays much attention to the birth control program. The women don't like the pills. They are simple people, and they are afraid."

The teen-agers cannot find work. High school? "It is a long ride to the next town, where there is a high school," Santel explains, "and a lot of them just don't go." Some of them get into trouble. Even in this sleepy hamlet, far from sinful San Juan, police recently staged a drug raid, arresting eight suspects and confiscating some narcotics. "But it is not bad here," Santel says. "It is a better time than before because of the food stamps. People can eat a lot of meat now and they own their little houses."

THE ECONOMY: TOO MANY HEADS

And oldtimers remember how things were in the '30s, when cane cutters worked from dawn to dusk for a dollar a day. That was before Luis Muñoz Marín began organizing the peasants, teaching them the magic of the ballot. Later, as the island's first

elected Governor (1949-64), Muñoz launched Operation Bootstrap to industrialize what had been a weak agrarian economy. U.S. industry was lured by low wages, freedom from federal taxes and long-term forgiveness of local taxes. While the commonwealth's development agency, Fomento, catered to capitalists, successive administrations adopted a host of New Deal-style programs that made Puerto Rico the closest thing to a government-managed society in the U.S. system.

But Bootstrap had built in dangers. While processing products for export, Puerto Rico became highly dependent on imports of all kinds (the trade deficit was \$1.8 billion in fiscal 1975). Heavy external borrowing was necessary to keep development momentum going. Then, as wages rose and exemptions from local taxes expired, some labor-intensive plants fled to poorer Caribbean countries and to Asia. Hourly wages in manufacturing have recently been

DRAWING WATER IN POOR SECTION OF PONCE



THE NATION

averaging \$2.59 in Puerto Rico, compared with 70¢ in the Dominican Republic and \$4.89 in the continental U.S. Partly because both legislated and negotiated fringe benefits are steep—a typical government employee gets three months of vacation, holidays and sick leave—productivity sagged and the cost of doing business soared.

Migration to the States provided one safety valve for many years. From 1950 to 1970, the exodus amounted to 615,000 people. That trend began reversing itself in 1971. In the following four years, migration to Puerto Rico from the mainland added 143,000 heads to a society that was running out of hats. In addition, illegal aliens have been filtering in from poorer Latin lands. Density is 920 people per sq. mi., among the world's highest. A runaway birth rate (more than 50% higher than in the continental U.S.) helped push the island's population past 3.1 million last fall. The annual population increase is almost 2.6%. Only the federal food stamp program has prevented dire want; 70% of the island's families now receive precious *cupones*. Federal spending of all kinds has been increasing rapidly in Puerto Rico, from \$922 million in fiscal 1973 to \$1.47 billion in 1975 and an anticipated \$2 billion in 1976—this in an economy with a G.N.P. of little more than \$7 billion.

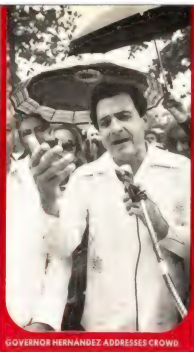
The little island's load of problems reached crisis proportions with the onset of the Arab oil embargo and the mainland recession in 1974. Wholly reliant on foreign oil for both its large petrochemical processing industry and consumer uses, Puerto Rico was hit even harder than the American Continent.

Puerto Ricans feel that the depression is now bottoming out. Plant closings have diminished to the normal attrition rate, and new enterprises are beginning to pick up. Still, the official unemployment rate is 19.9%, almost three points higher than a year ago. Much worse, actual unemployment, counting in all those who are in part-time or seasonal jobs or too discouraged to seek work, is estimated at more than 35%. If the official figure is to go down to 12% by 1980, says Governor Rafael Hernández Colón, Puerto Rico will need 42,000 new jobs a year.

HERNÁNDEZ: AUSTERITY AND OPTIONS

To attract new employers, Hernández has lately started stressing productivity. In his annual message to the legislature last month, he demanded that wage raises be limited to the amount of productivity increases and hinted that legislated fringe benefits would be reduced. "The progress of some," he declared, "cannot be at the cost of others' misery." Sounding like California's Jerry Brown, Hernández declared that sacrifice rather than new miracles is on tomorrow's agenda. He said that his own government "overspends, is highly inefficient, unresponsive to the calls and needs of the people and is all but impossible to control and direct." He promised a thorough overhaul of both the bureaucracy and the island's weak education system.

Hernández has been pushing land reform. The government has been buying underutilized acreage and selling it in small parcels on easy terms to landless peasant families. To promote the program, Hernández occasionally pays visits to the farm towns, during which they festoon themselves as if for a saint's day. The



GOVERNOR HERNÁNDEZ ADDRESSES CROWD

lean, handsome Governor draws lots to match each young family with its new farm. "It is economic necessity and has great social value as well," Hernández says. "We must give the people options."

The Governor wants the people to stay with the commonwealth option as the best means of maintaining their identity while pursuing development. The present arrangement, overwhelmingly approved by the voters in every election since it was adopted in 1952, will probably be changed somewhat this year. A joint commission headed by Muñoz and former Kentucky Senator Marlow Cook and strongly supported by the Hernández government, has proposed a new compact, which is now being discussed in Congress. The island would be explicitly recognized as a sovereign entity voluntarily choosing union with the U.S. Puerto Ricans would remain U.S. citizens but, unless they live on the mainland, still could not vote for federal offices. Most important, Puerto Rico would gain full autonomy in specific areas, perhaps including the setting of minimum wages, environmental controls and tariffs, and regulating immigration. It would be

able to import some goods without paying duties.

But those Puerto Ricans who want U.S. statehood argue that the compact is a cosmetic means of perpetuating the island's present dependency and strengthening the Hernández regime. Meanwhile, those who want full independence say that it is merely another disguise for colonialism. The new compact will go to a referendum—if Congress acts by midsummer, then the vote will be later this year—and it is expected to pass overwhelmingly.

A referendum would further enliven what is already a contentious election campaign. In November, Puerto Ricans will elect a Governor, a legislature and municipal officials. For the first time the Communists, organized as the Puerto Rican Socialist Party, will run candidates.

The islanders are passionate in their politics, and voting turnouts of more than 80% are common. Across one roadway in the mountains stretches a billowing summons to a rally for Hernández's Popular Democrats: the symbol is a red silhouette of a peasant wearing the traditional farmer's straw hat, *la pava*. Outside a hotel flaps the ensign of the other major party, the New Progressives, a blue palm tree on a white background.

ROMERO: STATEHOOD SOME DAY

Hernández's chief challenger for Governor is San Juan Mayor Carlos Romero Barceló, who heads the *Nuevoprogresistas*. The rivals have a few things in common. Both are young: Hernández is 39 and Romero 43. Both come from prominent political families. Like most of the island's elite, both went to university in the States. Romero at Yale and Hernández at Johns Hopkins. Each got a law degree at the University of Puerto Rico. Otherwise their personalities contrast.

Hernández is relatively reserved. Even when trudging in jeans and boots through the stench of a hill farmer's chicken coop, he conveys a sense of delicacy. Romero, good-looking in a husky, florid way, is a flesh presser in the Lyndon Johnson manner. He marches on a citizen, fixing him with large, intense eyes and a paralyzing grip. He cannot pass a garbage truck without leaning into the cab for a quick hello.

Romero's *Nuevoprogresistas*

TIME, FEBRUARY 16, 1976

SAN JUAN MAYOR ROMERO (RIGHT) & WELL-WISHER



WALKER'S

DeLuxe

8 YEAR OLD BOURBON

Our famous eight-year-old bourbon is still made with the care and patience that went into this famous eight: The 1937 Cord Phaeton.

You might never own the car, but you can enjoy the bourbon tonight.



Aged 8 Years

How 7,000 Key Agents of The Home give you that "Something Extra" for your money.

There is a difference in insurance — and it pays to be aware of it.

Some people buy on price alone, or from an in-law, or through a store that retails insurance along with other products.

Others — the smart buyers — insist on a person-to-person relationship, the kind of involved service that is so vital at the time of a loss.

That's the "Something Extra" for your money that you get from any one of 7,000 handpicked Home Key Agents. They're professionals perform-

ing personal service, providing the right kind of insurance coverage at the right price, helping settle claims promptly and in other ways demonstrating their deep personal commitment.

Talk to a Key Agent of The Home. He'll show you that there is a difference in insurance, and that you can get "Something Extra" for your money.

Write to Customer Service, The Home Insurance Company, 59 Maiden Lane, New York, N.Y. 10038 for the names of Key Agents in your area — or look in the Yellow Pages.

**The Home
Insurance
Company**

A City Investing Company



Home Key Agents give you that "Something Extra"



Omaha, Nebraska:



Home Key Agent Dan Loring of the Foster-Barker Company acted immediately to make sure a tornado-destroyed school was rebuilt fast. Three weeks after the tornado struck, he delivered Home's check for \$1,218,000 to the school. Just three months

later, Westgate Elementary reopened its doors to 500 happy kids.

El Paso, Texas:



Home Key Agent Jimmie Krigbaum of Concord Insurance Agencies provided a down-to-earth solution to a "complex" problem. His client—R. T. Management—was responsible for 11 apartment complexes and had accumulated 26 different policies to protect 84 buildings. Krigbaum found a way to convert all of the coverages to just two contracts—making it a simpler, more efficient, more economical program.



Rockville Centre, N.Y.:



Home Key Agent Bob Dowler of The Dowler Agency was driving to his home, passing through Hempstead, Long Island. He heard the fire alarm, responded and found it was the high school he insured. An ex-volunteer fireman, Dowler checked with the chief, and for

the next 6 hours, fought the flames with other firemen.

Staunton, Virginia:



Home Key Agent Dick Eastman of the Staunton Insurance Agency spent two weeks piecing checks together after a fire. All of this service performed not for his client, but for his client's client. A typical example of the "Something Extra" service you can expect from your Home Key Agent.



Switch to the only
low tar menthol with
the taste of
extra coolness.



13 mg. tar,
0.7 mg. nicotine

Feel a cooler kind of mild...
Come up to KOOL Milds.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

grew out of the old Statehood Republican Party, which was once linked to the G.O.P. as formally as the *Populares* still are to the mainland Democrats, but Romero and former Governor Luis Ferré broke that official connection. While the *Nuevoprogresistas* are still strongest among the middle and upper classes, the mainland tags of liberal and conservative do not hang neatly in the island's politics.

Calling for Puerto Rico's eventual entry into the Union as the 51st state, Romero argues that the biggest beneficiaries would be the poor. The new federal tax burden would fall mostly on the affluent, he says, while the lower classes would benefit from increases in federal social programs. To those who object to statehood because of the income tax, he answers: "We should be willing to take up the burden little by little until everyone in Puerto Rico who is able to pay tax bears the same burden as any U.S. citizen."

This philosophy appeals at least to a sizable minority of Puerto Ricans who fear the radicalism of the *independentistas* and crave the security resulting from the American connection. When a mill worker explains his New Progressive *palma* flag by saying it is *más Americano*, he does not mean that he wants his children to stop speaking Spanish, the official language. Rather he wants to be able to count on his *cupones* now and his Social Se-

curity check later. Says a pharmacist in Gurabo: "I was in the Army and I know America. We feel threatened by Cuba. Our best chance for security and stability is statehood."

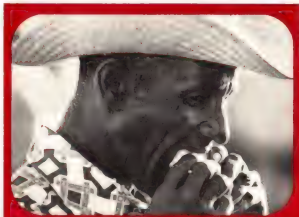
who calls himself a Social Democrat. While P.I.P. occasionally practices civil disobedience—last year it unsuccessfully tried to organize a tax boycott—the party avoids violence. Berrios wants to create an independent republic and socialize major industry. But he claims he would keep close economic ties with the U.S. and a parliamentary system of government.

The Puerto Rican Socialist Party's chief is Juan Mari Bras, 48, an avowed Communist who announced his gubernatorial candidacy last week. He takes Castro's Cuba as his model and gets both rhetorical and material help from Havana. Mari Bras formed alliances with several unions, though most of organized labor remains anti-Communist. Some radicals are now in the leadership of unions representing firemen and telephone and power-plant workers. A number of strikes in 1974 and early 1975 grew violent, and industrial sabotage became a nagging problem. So did random explosions at the Puerto Rican offices of mainland-based enterprises.

Mari Bras called this kind of violence "valid" because it was aimed directly at "colonialist interests." But he drew the line at the terrorist attacks carried out by the *Fuerzas Armadas de Liberación Nacional* (F.A.L.N.), the mysterious splinter group whose bomb killed four people in Manhattan a year ago.

Despite the island's difficulties, the *independentistas* are still meeting a lot of sales resistance. Down in Mosquitos, Manny Santel and his neighbors grimace and shake their heads at the mention of Mari Bras. In Ponce, a long cement workers' strike was settled when an anti-Communist union won an election.

In this atmosphere, it is hard to take seriously Mari Bras' pre-



SUGAR CANE WORKER DURING HARVEST LUNCH BREAK IN SALINAS, P.R.

curity check later. Says a pharmacist in Gurabo: "I was in the Army and I know America. We feel threatened by Cuba. Our best chance for security and stability is statehood."

THE RADICALS: BOMBS AND BOMBAST

Independence has been an emotional cause for more than a century. In Puerto Rico's universities, among older intellectuals and even within a faction of the ruling party, various shades of *independentista* sentiment persist. Alfonso Valdés Jr., a prosperous businessman and former Chamber of Commerce president, sighs and says: "Independence is very close to my heart. It is a romantic idea and deep down, emotionally, most Puerto Ricans feel sympathy for it. But it is impractical for as long as we can see. It just would not work." Adds Alex Maldonado, editor of the pro-Commonwealth *El Mundo*: "It is very difficult to be in the arts today without identifying yourself with independence."

Yet the voters have consistently gone the other way. The *independentistas* boycotted the last plebiscite on status, in 1967; the voters then divided 60.4% for commonwealth, 39% for statehood and 6% for independence. In the 1972 general election, the Puerto Rican Independence Party (P.I.P.) got just 4.37%.

The two main independence factions are redoubling their efforts because of the island's troubles: they are getting considerable noisy support from Cuba and are trying to stir up sympathy in the United Nations. P.I.P. is led by Senator Ruben Berrios, 36, an urbane academic, educated at Yale and Oxford,



WORKER WITH BIRTH CONTROL PILLS IN LABORATORY, NEAR SAN JUAN

dition that the issue of Puerto Rico's relations with the U.S. will eventually be settled by armed force. Editor Ramon Arbona of the Communist newspaper *Claridad* says that his party does not have to train fighters because "the U.S. Army has done that for us." Most veterans, however, have more peaceful ideas. Nelson Ortiz, 23, just finished a three-year volunteer hitch in the Army—infantry, heavy weapons—and was heading home to see his family in the western town of Añasco. His plans? "I'm going back to college, going to study sociology." Independence? "That would be a big crisis. Look at those other little countries that became independent, all the troubles they have."

Ordinary people convey a sense of confidence that things will work out eventually, that they still have opportunities to grow. Ortiz has uncles in Chicago, parents in Añasco, friends in San Juan. "Maybe some day it will be Chicago for me," he says. "Why not?" Rafael Cruz, 39, has a steady job as a bus driver in New Jersey but he is looking for a small business in San Juan. After 25 years in the States, he and his wife have simply decided that "it is time to go back." The continental connection gives people like Nelson Ortiz and Rafael Cruz—as well as Rafael Hernández and Carlos Romero—time and choices.



AFTER THE QUAKE: EMERGENCY CARE IN GUATEMALA CITY, ANGUISH IN SAN PEDRO, DEATH IN A VILLAGE NEAR THE CAPITAL

THE WORLD

GUATEMALA

The 39 Seconds: An Eternity of Terror

It was 3 a.m. in Guatemala City when Genaro Castro was jolted awake by the thunderously loud rumble of buckling earth and masonry. Grabbing his terrified and screaming child, he stumbled over the shifting floor of his adobe house to the door. A pressure beyond his frantic strength held it shut. While he was still grappling with the door, the front wall of his home crashed outward into the street, leaving Castro and his son standing exposed but unharmed. They had just survived one of the century's most destructive natural disasters.

The massive earthquake (7.5 on the Richter scale) that racked Guatemala lasted only 39 seconds, but to its victims that seemed an eternity of terror. When the tremors subsided, more than 300 towns throughout the country had been destroyed. The Guatemalan government announced that more than 8,000 people were dead and 40,000 injured; unofficial estimates ran as high as 20,000 dead, 60,000 injured and hundreds of thousands homeless.

Cut off by fallen power lines, collapsed bridges and roads blocked by landslides, many towns in the mountainous north and northwest were stranded last week without food or medical supplies. Starvation and disease were expected to add to the death toll before roads could be cleared to bring in aid. Rescue efforts were further slowed last Friday when the country was whipped by an aftershock measuring 5.7 on the Richter scale. Both quakes also rocked neighboring Honduras. El Sal-

vador and parts of Mexico, but no deaths were reported there.

In Guatemala City (pop. 1.5 million), damage ranged from cracked walls and broken windows in middle-class residential areas to the total destruction of entire blocks in the adobe-hut districts of the poor. Hundreds of corpses, covered only by thin sheets or plastic, lined the streets the morning after the initial quake. Surgeons from the capital's General Hospital performed operations—often without adequate equipment—in a field tent set up outside the damaged hospital.

Eating Rats. Many of the city's homeless spent chilly nights in the streets camping under tents that had been made from salvaged sheets and tablecloths. Even those whose homes were left standing slept on the pavement or in parks rather than remain in buildings that continued to tremble from the aftershocks. Food and water were scarce. By week's end what stores remained open had either stopped extending credit or raised prices beyond the reach of most of the city's poor. Many said that they had not eaten since the quake struck, and crowds fought to get near the few public taps that still trickled water. "They're eating rats and anything else they can get their hands on," said one Red Cross official who reached Guatemala's devastated interior by helicopter.

In the town of Mixco, ten miles northwest of Guatemala City, TIME Photographer Dirck Halstead saw policemen trying to dig out bodies of pris-

oners who had been buried under the rubble of a collapsed jail. In San Pedro Sacatepéquez, 15 miles north of the capital, more than 1,500 had been buried; the precise death toll was unknown because government officials, fearing a typhoid epidemic, ordered that the dead be buried quickly, often before the corpses could be identified. Several mourners who went to bury their dead in family plots found that the coffins of long-dead relatives had been uncovered by the quake. One woman wept and chanted among the graves while her husband buried the unearthed bones of his father and the corpse of his son. Another family marked the grave of their child with his favorite toy—a transistor radio that was left playing sporadic news of the disaster.

The United Nations Disaster Relief Organization mobilized aid for Guatemala last week, coordinating the efforts of both governments and international relief agencies. The United States sent a 100-bed portable hospital staffed by 24 American doctors, 500 tents, twelve 3,000-gallon water-storage tanks, electric power generators, blood plasma and antibiotics. Nicaragua, which lost more than 10,000 people in an earthquake that virtually destroyed its capital of Managua three years ago, set up a military airlift for food and medical supplies. By week's end, however, almost no relief supplies had reached victims in the hardest-hit parts of the interior. The extent of their need could only be signaled by the clouds of dust that rose above the rubble of their towns.



Survivors amid rubble of San Pedro Sacatepéquez after earthquake.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY DICK HALSTEAD



Above: Mourners gather around coffins of relatives in San Pedro. Below: Men of San Pedro bury the town's dead.



Below left: Woman at husband's graveside in San Pedro. Right: Corpses line street in Guatemala City.



FRANCE

The New Communism—Or Is It?

A major political drama is unfolding in Western Europe: the Communists' attempt to gain power by asserting that their brand of Marxism is just a benign, reformist force, quite unrelated to Moscow. They have said this before, of course, but they are now pushing the line to the point of no longer even sounding like Communists. Will non-Communist parties believe the line? If not, what will they do about it? All this may well be the most serious challenge to democratic values and security in Europe since the cold war.

The latest episode happened last week. In the "Red Belt" Paris suburb of St. Ouen, 1,600 French Communists filed into an oyster-shaped sports arena for their 22nd Party Congress. A sign inside the hall proclaimed: "A DEMOCRATIC ROAD TO SOCIALISM—A SOCIALISM FOR FRANCE." Party Leader Georges Marchais amplified that soothing slogan in a five-hour opening address that amounted to a cautious declaration of independence from Moscow.

Repressive Measures. Marchais did pay some of the traditional tributes to Soviet Communism, lauding its social accomplishments and democratic structures, even pledging to fight "anti-Sovietism." But he also underscored French Communism's new autonomy by attacking "repressive measures" taken by the Soviet Union against dissidents (*see following story*) in extraordinarily blunt language. Said he: "We cannot agree to the Communist ideal being stained by unjust and unjustifiable acts. Such acts are in no way a necessary consequence of socialism." The party boss

went on to argue that "our road to socialism is an original road... a French road. France today is neither Russia in 1917 nor Czechoslovakia in 1948." Thus "no party or group of parties"—meaning, clearly, the Soviet bloc—"can legislate for the others." France's Communist way, he urged, should be to seek a broad coalition beyond just the left—not merely with socialists but with "all forces of the nation active against the barons of large capital." Though he has variously favored and rejected power sharing in the past, Marchais again prefers some role in government to sterile opposition from the outside. "Because the workers and their Communist Party were excluded from responsibility," he told the congress, "a policy was followed that was against the interests of the workers and the nation."

Disavowing the central Marxist doctrine of a dictatorship of the proletariat as out of date, Marchais argued instead that his party's call was to unite the working class with the salaried middle class. In a blatant appeal to Roman Catholic voters, he decried loose morals and praised François Cardinal Marty, the Archbishop of Paris, for his recent outspoken criticism of the lucrative French armaments trade. Marchais also scorned collectivism as a "barbaric Communism that casts everyone and everything in the same mold." The French party, he insisted, does not want "uniformity that stifles, but diversity that enriches."

Marchais's unorthodox party policy statement was particularly notable in light of the French party's half-century record of slavishly backing Moscow. It was the outcome of a bitter intraparty struggle between Marchais and hardliners—notably *L'Humanité* Editor Roland Leroy—who wanted to maintain the traditional pro-Soviet stance.

Thanks in part to the spectacular electoral successes of Enrico Berlinguer's moderate-sounding Italian party (TIMI, June 30), Marchais defeated Leroy's challenge to his policy and won a majority of key comrades over to his proposal for presenting a Communism with a human face.

But could Marchais's declaration of belief in democratic principles be taken at face value? French opinion last week was mixed. Annie Kriegel, a former Communist and one of the nation's leading experts on party affairs, was cautiously optimistic. "In a party where doctrine and words are so important, so constraining, the abandonment of a formula like 'the dictatorship of the proletariat' is not a minor event," she wrote. "One cannot say that nothing has changed and that everything continues as before." France's Minister of Justice, Jean Lecanuet, demurred. "The Communists are in the middle of an identity crisis and are taking up the mask of a certain reformism. If they ever came to power, the mask would fall." A more pragmatic concern was voiced by François Mitterrand's French Socialists, who are now loosely allied with the Communists in backing a reform platform called the *Programme Commun*. Even before the congress opened, the Socialists issued a report warning that Marchais's "union of the people of France" might be a maneuver to counterbalance Socialist influence in any coalition.

Dutiful Delegates. Moscow did not immediately react to the new French posture, but a Czech Communist observer considered the ideological shift "very serious. It is unacceptable to our party." The ideas seemed quite acceptable, however, to the dutiful delegates in Paris. After Marchais delivered his opening address last week, the party rank and file began a series of speeches adopting their leader's main points as if they were following a script. Party discipline clearly had not yet succumbed to the new temptations of democracy.

COMMUNIST LEADER GEORGES MARCHAIS (LEFT), AT FRENCH PARTY CONGRESS OPENING (BELOW)



SOVIET UNION

The Psukhushka Horror

"I noted with horror the daily progression of my degradation. I lost interest in politics, then in scientific problems, finally in my wife and children. My speech became blurred; my memory worsened. In the beginning, I reacted strongly to the sufferings of other patients. Eventually I became indifferent. My only thoughts were of toilets, tobacco and the bribes to the male nurses to let me go to the toilet one more time. Then I began to experience a new thought: 'I must remember everything I see here. I told myself, so that I can tell about it afterwards.'"

Last week Soviet Scientist Leonid I. Plyushch was finally able to tell about it. Still hesitant in speech, uncertain at times of his surroundings, the drawn, chain-smoking Ukrainian mathematician appeared at a Paris press conference to discuss both his life as a dissident in the U.S.S.R. and his three-year purgatory in Soviet prisons and mental hospitals. He had been accused of anti-Soviet activities, namely protesting the arrests and trials of other dissidents and publishing his views in *samizdat* (underground) publications. In what is now a classic Soviet method of punishing dissidents, Plyushch was interrogated, imprisoned and finally sent to an insane asylum administered by the KGB, the Soviet secret police. His account of his experience is perhaps the most damning indictment so far of the way that the Soviets try to stifle protest.

Plyushch, 37, who still considers himself a "neo-Marxist," was remanded to the Dnepropetrovsk special mental hospital in July 1973 after prison doc-

BUREAU, MOSCOW



PLYUSHCH AT PRESS CONFERENCE
Remembering everything.

tors had diagnosed him as a schizophrenic. Once there, he recalled last week "The horror of the *psukhushka* [madhouse] got to me. There were more patients than beds, and in two beds shoved together I was put in the middle place of three. Patients twisted in pain from administration of drugs. One of them had his tongue hanging out, another his eyes popping, a third walked curved in an unnatural manner."

Mentally Sick. These more or less ordinary terrors, however, were less frightening to him than the attempts by doctors at Dnepropetrovsk to convince him that he was mentally sick. "You had to admit to the doctors that you were ill. In the beginning, I argued. Then I came to the conclusion that they were right." Plyushch's cause was taken up by Amnesty International, a London-based organization that seeks to dramatize the plight of political prisoners. The Communist parties of France, Italy and Britain demanded his release. Presumably, it was in response to pressure from European Communists that Soviet authorities released Plyushch from the asylum last month and let him go into exile.

The day after Plyushch's press conference, Moscow's *Literaturnaya Gazeta* printed a derisive rebuttal of his statement, which suggests that Soviet authorities knew in advance what he was about to tell. Dismissing such accounts in the West as "dirty gambling on human tragedies," the Moscow literary journal defended the Soviet system of mental care by citing the cases of other dissidents who had been locked up in mental hospitals in the Soviet Union and were found to be truly sick when released to the West. The report was misleading: most of those cited by *Literary Gazette* were in good health. The few who were not, in the opinion of Western psychiatrists who had seen them, were unbalanced because of Soviet treatment.

INDIA

Tightening the Grip

Prime Minister Indira Gandhi's tenth anniversary in office was marked late last month with celebrations throughout the country. At one mass rally in Bombay, the president of India's ruling Congress Party compared her to the Hindu goddess of strength. The comparison was apt. On the last day of January she expunged one of the two remaining pockets of opposition by dissolving the state assembly and dismissing the government of Tamil Nadu—the populous (45 million) former state of Madras. In its place she imposed direct rule from New Delhi. Twenty panelloads of police landed in Madras to prevent trouble, and an estimated 6,000 people were arrested.

New Delhi's pretext for the takeover was that the ousted government of Chief Minister Muthuvel Karunanidhi was



DEPOSED CHIEF MINISTER KARUNANIDHI
Toward one-woman rule.

guilty of "acts of maladministration, corruption and misuse of power for partisan ends." The more probable cause was the prospect of state elections. In Tamil Nadu's assembly, Karunanidhi's Dravidian Progress Party, a populist movement dedicated to social reform and greater state autonomy, held a commanding majority. The assembly's tenure was due to expire March 21, and Mrs. Gandhi did not want to extend its life. Apparently she feared that any election—state or national—during the emergency might turn into a popular referendum on her authoritarian rule.

The takeover leaves only one of India's 22 state governments, Gujarat, as an opposition stronghold. Until recently Mrs. Gandhi had cited opposition party rule in Gujarat and Tamil Nadu as proof that India was still democratic. That pretense now seems to have been abandoned, and Gujarat's days as a bastion of independence may be numbered.

Two other recent moves served notice that the government will not brook any kind of opposition. Dutifully heeding Mrs. Gandhi's request (TIM, Jan. 12), India's lower house of Parliament last week voted overwhelmingly to postpone national elections, which were due this month, for a year.

The handful of opposition members in the house argued vainly against the postponement, which was technically valid under India's constitution. One member even dared to state that "Hitler came to power under the Weimar Constitution."

At least as threatening was the approval by both houses of a tough newspaper censorship law. Under it, no newspaper or magazine can publish any story or picture that is deemed "likely to excite disaffection toward the government."

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The law also forbids publication of anything "defamatory" to India's President, Vice President, Prime Minister, speaker of the house or any state governor. Censorship decisions cannot be appealed in court.

The moves to tighten Mrs. Gandhi's grip on India came at a time when some observers had hoped for at least a symbolic relaxation of restrictions. Mrs. Gandhi's supporters insist that she could win an open election handily right now. She insists just as strongly that it is more

important to carry out the reforms proposed in her 20-point economic and social program, such as abolition of indentured labor, land redistribution and expanded irrigation networks. That may be so. But her determination to quash all opposition suggests that she does not dare to risk a genuine test of her popularity. "Corruption is not the real issue here," deposed Chief Minister Karunanidhi told TIME Correspondent William Smith last week. "She wants one-party rule and one-woman rule."

AFRICA

Angola's Three Troubled Neighbors

The bloody Angolan civil war ground grimly and indecisively on last week. Meanwhile, from Dar es Salaam and Kinshasa to Moscow and London there was a flurry of diplomatic maneuverings that raised hopes a negotiated settlement might still be possible. One push came from a group of Black African leaders, including Tanzania's Julius Nyerere, who have already recognized the Soviet-backed Luanda government of the Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola (M.P.L.A.). The group was reportedly urging M.P.L.A. President Agostinho Neto to enter into negotiations with the National Union for the Total Liberation of Angola (UNITA), which still controls the southern half of the country. Britain and France were also engaged in separate but coordinated soundings in Black Africa and South Africa designed to achieve the same end. In New York, United Nations Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim was said to be ready to act as a go-between, should the Organization of African Unity seek U.N. help to bring about a cease-fire.

Moscow may well hold the key to a solution. U.S. and British Kremlinologists last week differed strongly in their

assessment of a recent *Izvestia* article calling for a coalition of "all patriotic forces" in Angola. Shrugged a Washington Kremlin watcher: "That kind of talk is cheap." British policymakers said the Soviet involvement in Angola has been the subject of debate in the Politburo for the past three weeks. One faction, led by Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko and Premier Aleksei Kosygin, has argued that the M.P.L.A. will have a hard task subduing UNITA, which has the support of some 2 million Ovimbundu, the country's largest tribe. In Whitehall's view, this group is winning over the faction led by Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev by their argument that Moscow is in danger of being sucked into a potential African Viet Nam that could mean the collapse of détente.

Troop Airlift. Some Western observers read the comparative lull in the fighting last week as a sign that the kind of debate going on in Moscow was also going on in Luanda. As one longtime British Angola watcher put it, Neto and his lieutenants may be realizing that "even if they win the next battle, it's going to be tough to win the war." The Luanda government, moreover, denied that it was solidly in the Soviet camp.

The M.P.L.A. announced last week that it would pursue a policy of nonalignment and deny military bases to any foreign power. At the 15th anniversary celebration of its revolt against Portuguese colonial rule last week, Luanda circumpectly kept Cuban troops and Soviet advisers out of sight. Intelligence sources, meanwhile, said that the Cuban troop airlift has been halted for two weeks. Some observers speculated that a secret *quid pro quo* had been worked out in exchange for the South African withdrawal.

The facts of military, political and economic life point toward an M.P.L.A. coalition with UNITA as the most sensible course for Angola. That view is increasingly shared these days by Zambia, Zaïre and South Africa, three neighbors of Angola that have all suffered seriously from the war. A look at their problems:

ZAMBIA: A Victim of Its Principles

Over the past few years, Zambia's President Kenneth Kaunda, 51, has stood out as a beacon of black statesmanship and moderation in Africa. Because of the Angolan civil war, Kaunda's landlocked country (pop. 4.5 million) faces economic collapse: rumblings of coup attempts and anti-government feelings threaten to bring down his eleven-year-old regime. To counter what he called "subversive elements," Kaunda last month declared a full state of emergency and left little doubt that he was doing so to combat Soviet influence in Angola.

Zambia is dependent on copper exports for 90% of its foreign exchange earnings. It has been caught in a cruel transport squeeze that comes hard on the heels of a savage fall in copper prices (down from \$2,800 a metric ton in April 1974 to \$1,160 at the end of 1975). Roughly half of Zambia's copper exports used to go through Angola via the Benguela Railway. This has been closed

REFUGEES FLEE FIGHTING IN THE NORTH



SOUTH AFRICAN TROOPS ON PATROL IN SOUTHERN ANGOLA





ZAIRE'S MOBUTU SESE SEKO

for the past six months. A rail line through Rhodesia to Mozambique was closed three years ago by Kaunda himself, in an effort to put pressure on the racist regime of Prime Minister Ian Smith. That left only the 1,163-mile-long Tan-Zam Railway to Dar es Salaam, which will not be ready for full traffic for another year.

Zambia supported all three of Angola's liberation movements during the guerrilla war against Portugal. When they began fighting with each other for control of the territory last year, Kaunda sided with Jonas Savimbi's UNITA. Fearing possible Soviet influence next door, he closed bases that the M.P.L.A. had used for years in western Zambia. In the view of many observers, Kaunda has become a victim of his principles. He is in the embarrassing position of supporting a movement (UNITA) also backed by South Africa. Should the M.P.L.A. win the war, Zambia might be permanently cut off from the vital Benguela Railway connection.

Out on a Limb. Kaunda's plight is particularly tragic since he has worked hard to establish detente with the white regimes of southern Africa, primarily to gain greater political freedoms for those countries' blacks. Last August, for example, Kaunda held a summit meeting at Victoria Falls with Rhodesia's Ian Smith and South African Prime Minister John Vorster. It was decided to pursue a peaceful settlement of Rhodesia's decade-old constitutional crisis on the basis of ultimate black majority rule. Kaunda's conciliatory approach seems to have backfired on him. One Western diplomat went so far last week as to say that Kaunda had "fallen in with the reactionaries and conservatives of Africa." That is clearly overstated. Certainly, Kaunda went out on a limb in joining the U.S. diplomatic effort to prevent recognition of the M.P.L.A. by the Organization of African Unity in January. But he also worked hard to get the

South Africans to withdraw their troops from Angola. Kaunda has repeatedly warned that the dearth of Western support for the moderates in Central Africa is being exploited by the Communists—a plea that has moved the British government to consider helping him out with economic aid and credits. Kaunda needs them: to stay afloat, Zambia was forced to borrow \$300 million last year; its 1976 deficit is expected to be \$1 billion.

ZAIRE: An End to Sentimentalism

For ten years, Zaire Strongman Mobutu Sese Seko championed the third liberation movement involved in the civil war—the National Front for the Liberation of Angola (F.N.L.A.), headed by his friend Holden Roberto. Zaire poured in money and arms to the F.N.L.A. in its struggle against the Portuguese in Angola without receiving any benefit in return. But the F.N.L.A. has been roundly beaten, and Mobutu is having a change

the M.P.L.A. The betting is that Mobutu will approach Nguabi for some sort of deal with Neto to protect his Atlantic access.

The poor fighting record of Mobutu's 60,000-man army may also have something to do with his about-face. The 2,000 troops Mobutu committed to helping the F.N.L.A. were pushed back repeatedly. An abortive attempt by Zaire-backed forces to seize oil-rich Cabinda last November was quickly routed by the M.P.L.A. with the aid of Cuban-operated Soviet tanks and rocket fire. At least 100,000 Angolan refugees have recently fled into Zaire, seeking protection from the Zaire-F.N.L.A. force, which, they charged, frequently faked attacks in order to loot their homes.

For all his troubles, Mobutu seems politically safe for the moment. Signs of open discontent are quickly stifled. A ubiquitous network of informers tips off security police to complainers, who simply disappear. Mobutu regularly rotates military commanders to prevent coup-prone cliques from developing in the ranks. But falling standards of living (inflation is running around 50% a year)—which contrast with Mobutu's own conspicuously opulent tastes—could threaten his rule in the long run.

SOUTH AFRICA: The High Price Tag

Some South Africans these days like to compare themselves to the Israelis—backs to the sea, vastly outnumbered by hostile hordes on their land borders. Says Major General Neil Webster: "South Africans, like the Israelis, must get used to the idea of living with a warlike situation for some years to come."

The analogy is more indicative of Pretoria's fortress mentality than of any real threat. South Africa's well-trained 50,000-man armed forces, supported by Buccaneer fighter-bombers and Mirages, would have no trouble combating external guerrilla movements. Nonetheless, Vorster's government in recent weeks has undertaken the biggest de-



ZAMBIA'S KENNETH KAUNDA

of heart. Last week, Mobutu announced that mercenaries headed for the F.N.L.A.-UNITA front would no longer be able to pass through Zaire.

Like Zambia, Zaire has been forced to reappraise its Angolan policy. Landlocked, except for a 23-mile stretch of Atlantic coastline, Zaire shares a 1,600-mile southern border with Angola and is locked in by the M.P.L.A.-controlled Cabinda enclave in the north. Although Zaire has not suffered nearly so much economic damage as Zambia, it too has been hit hard by the loss of the Benguela-Lobito outlet for its copper and other exports. Should the F.N.L.A.-held city of Santo António do Zaire, at the mouth of the Congo River, fall to the M.P.L.A., the Luanda regime would have control over Zaire's only major outlet to the sea. Mobutu is due to meet sometime this month with his cross-river neighbor, Congo President Marien Ngouabi, a past Mobutu foe who strongly supports

SOUTH AFRICA'S JOHN VORSTER
The rationale is "hot pursuit."

fense call-up in South Africa since World War II. The measures include 1) broadening the Defense Act to enable Pretoria to send soldiers anywhere in the world, 2) tightening up internal security to permit imprisonment of security suspects without trial or appeal, and 3) building a huge new military base at Grootfontein in South West Africa, 120 miles from the Angolan border, which is capable of handling the biggest military aircraft made.

South Africa's primary concern is the disputed territory of South West Africa, also known as Namibia, which separates Angola and South Africa. Vorster has ignored repeated calls from the United Nations to get out of the territory. When South Africa entered the Angolan war on behalf of the UNITA forces last year, it used the "hot pursuit" of terrorists belonging to the South West Africa People's Organization (SWAPO) as the rationale for incursions into Angola. Said Vorster recently: "When you are chasing a man, it's hard to know when to stop. In this case, we chased him a very long way indeed."

Biggest Bogey. Although South Africans have been withdrawn from the front lines in Angola, they apparently have not given up the chase. Defense Minister Pieter W. Botha admitted for the first time last week that between 4,000 and 5,000 South African regulars are occupying a 1,000-mile border area that extends 35 miles inside Angola. Another 5,000 to 10,000 troops are poised just back of the border. Explained a defense official: "If we have to fight, we're going to do it in Angola, not in South West Africa. I'd say [the troops] will be there indefinitely."

But the price tag for intervention in Angola may come high. "It was a typical cold-war type of ploy," says a Cape-town lawyer, "and Vorster doesn't realize that in African eyes an *apartheid* South Africa is by far the biggest bogey, bigger than Communism ever could be." It was a serious miscalculation that swung uncommitted African states behind the M.P.L.A. Vorster will have to scramble to salvage anything at all from his hopes for black-white détente. One theory is that to help shore up Kaunda, he may be forced to abandon support for Ian Smith; that could mean he would be reluctant to send South African troops to aid white Rhodesians.

So far, there has not been widespread discontent, either among South Africa's 18 million blacks or its 4 million whites. But Pretoria's fortress mentality is going to mean more money for defense and less for the civilian economy, not to say big hikes in both prices and taxes. "We're a twitzy society, in the best of times," reflected Africa Affairs Editor Dennis Gordon of Johannesburg's *Rand Daily Mail* last week. "But this Angola business has made us twitzy than usual. Suddenly we discover that our boys are directly involved, fighting and sometimes dying."

CHINA

Surprise Choice To Follow Chou

Since Premier Chou En-lai died a month ago, most China analysts have been expecting Peking to name Teng Hsiao-p'ing, Chou's hand-picked First Vice Premier, as his successor. Most surprisingly, the Chinese leadership last week passed over Teng and appointed a relative unknown as Acting Premier, pending eventual approval by the rubber stamp National People's Congress. He is Hua Kuo-feng, 56, Minister of Public Security and No. 6-ranking Vice Premier (among the twelve in all).

The leadership had difficulty agreeing during several Politburo meetings in Peking. Any Premier has to be acceptable to a diversity of factions, including the military, the governing bureaucracy, the leftist leaders in the Politburo, and, of course, Chairman Mao. Teng, as a chief victim of the Cultural Revolution of 1966-69, was obviously not the favorite candidate of the left, though he evidently had the support of most other factions. Last week's decision indicates that the radicals, usually thought to be led by Mao's wife Chiang Ch'ing, had enough strength to block his expected promotion.

Few Enemies. Hua may have emerged as a compromise choice in part because his very lack of visibility made him a man with few enemies. Affable and soft-spoken, with a thick Hunanese accent, Hua is described by foreign visitors as politically adroit and non-doctrinaire. It helped that he comes from Mao's native province of Hunan, where he spent most of his career as a high regional party official and became an expert in agriculture, which is the backbone of China's economy. Significantly, he went to Peking just after former Defense Minister Lin Biao tried to overthrow Mao in 1971. Mao at that time was presumably trying to bring trusted officials to the capital. In 1973, Hua was named to the 22-member Politburo; early last year he became a Vice Premier and head of China's little-known security apparatus.

In recent months his public role has increased. Last September he led an important government delegation to Tibet. Soon after, he presided over the highly publicized agriculture meetings held in Shansi province and later Peking, where he gave the keynote speech. It was very Maoist, emphasizing that China must continue to advance toward Communism since the present system of wages and material incentives is "unegalitarian."

Possibly the former security chief's elevation indicates that Peking intends to get tough with China's chronic problem of factional strife, especially when



ACTING PREMIER HUA KUO-FENG
Trusted by Mao.

it leads to work stoppages and violent confrontations, as in Hangchow last year. On the other hand, Hua's almost complete lack of experience in foreign affairs may mean that Foreign Minister Ch'iao Kuan-hua and Teng Hsiao-p'ing, in the spirit of collective leadership, will continue to concentrate on relations with other countries. If that is the case, there is no reason to expect any major changes in China's foreign policy. What has changed, however, is Teng's status. He still outranks Hua in the all-important party hierarchy, but Teng's hopes of ever becoming Premier, though perhaps not entirely snuffed out, have been considerably dimmed.

■ ■ ■
The Chinese have had a special feeling for Richard Nixon ever since he reopened U.S. relations with their country by his historic visit to Peking four years ago. So Chairman Mao invited Nixon and Wife Pat to return to China on the fourth anniversary of that trip. The Nixons quickly accepted and will travel to Peking Feb. 21 on a special plane to be sent by the Chinese government. How long they will stay is uncertain.

Gerald Ford was irritated, not least because the trip starts three days before the New Hampshire primary. The spectacle of a disgraced former President receiving a red-carpet welcome in Peking just as Ford is fighting for his political life against Ronald Reagan will be, as one White House aide said, "not very helpful at all." It may remind voters of Watergate, of Ford's pardon of Nixon, and that Ford is an appointed President. As for the Chinese leaders' motives, they wished not only to express gratitude to Nixon but also to signal their unhappiness at the Ford-Kissinger policies of détente with the Soviet Union.

VIET NAM

The Slow Road to Socialism

Like countless other communities in Asia, Ho Chi Minh City—also known as Saigon—last week celebrated *Tet*, the three-day lunar New Year. Flowers bedecked the streets, although perhaps not so many as in years gone by. The city's florists did not believe that South Viet Nam's new Provisional Revolutionary Government would allow such a luxury. As one of them put it, "We were not prepared to grow flowers on time."

For the first time since 1968, when *Tet* was the occasion of a devastating Communist military offensive, firecrackers were allowed in Saigon and could be heard exploding sharply throughout the sprawling city. There were also the usual multicolored drag-

gle in Saigon is remarkably unchanged. The big question is how long that situation will last. The leaders of the P.R.G. have left no doubt that they intend to build a new socialist society in the South modeled on that of North Viet Nam. At least 25,000 North Vietnamese cadres have been imported to run everything from government bureaucracies to the telephone and bus companies.

But the Communists are moving slowly and cautiously along the road to socialism, presumably because of the awesome task they face in consolidating their hold over 20 million people, many of whom were loyal to the old regime.

There has been no evidence of the massive bloodbath that many Ameri-

munists claim that some 7,000 "enemy troops" have been captured in the past six months. Though the anti-Communist holdouts do not pose a serious threat, the North Vietnamese have not yet withdrawn their estimated 20 divisions (200,000 soldiers) from the South.

Saigon's new rulers like to tell foreigners: "We don't believe in harming the enemy who has fallen from his horse." Brutal mass retaliation against former ARVN soldiers and bureaucrats who worked for the Thieu regime would have produced exactly the kind of mistrust and disunity that the new government wants to avoid. Instead, the P.R.G. has resorted to the time-honored Communist technique of "re-education" for its enemies, including some political prisoners arrested since August. Camps have been set up throughout the country for indoctrination sessions that usually last about three months. A special compound near Tay Ninh on the Cambodian border has been set aside for former generals, who go through a longer process of study and manual labor. After graduating from their re-education, former soldiers and officials are given certificates that, theoretically at least, restore their full rights as citizens.

Broad Base. Traditionally, the South Vietnamese have looked down on their cousins from the North as country bumpkins; in private some Saigon intellectuals—who worry that Communist rule will gradually limit freedoms—dismiss the rulers of the P.R.G. as a bunch of "peasants." Since the P.R.G. needs popular backing for the task of economic reconstruction, it is making efforts to gain a broad base of support. Last month the government of Saigon was turned over by the interim military administration committee to a 15-member civilian committee. A few members of the old non-Communist "Third Force," the loose amalgam of intellectual and religious leaders who opposed the old Saigon regime, have been invited into the government. These include Women's Rightist Madame Ngo Ba Thanh and Buddhist Thich Thien Hao. In addition, the P.R.G. has allowed some open criticism in the press of such bad leadership habits as "bureaucratism and authoritarianism." The official South Vietnamese daily *Giai Phong*, for example, recently attacked P.R.G. cadres for making unjustified arrests, "disorderly" searches and illegal tax collections.

These measures make good political sense. Even the Communists admit to foreign visitors that "some sections of the Saigon citizenry do not trust us." Nevertheless, there is no evidence that any amount of opposition will deter the new regime from fulfilling its major objectives. The most immediate of these is reunification. One token of this is that the most common propaganda slogan seen on Saigon's streets these days is a Ho Chi Minh aphorism: THE COUNTRY OF VIET NAM IS ONE, THE PEOPLE OF VIET NAM ARE ONE. The P.R.G. and



NORTH VIETNAMESE TANKS IN VICTORY PARADE THROUGH SAIGON STREETS LAST MAY. No bloodbath, but tough measures to discourage resistance.

ons snaking rhythmically through the streets, along with swarms of whining, air-polluting Honda motorbikes.

Good food and excellent French wines were still available at the Hotel Caravelle, a favorite hangout of foreigners in the old days. Lissome Saigonee women wore hip-hugging jeans and colorful *ao-dais*; although the P.R.G. frowns on prostitution, streetwalkers and bar girls were still hawking their charms. American pop songs blared out from the jukeboxes of cafes and bars, and the old Thieves' Market on Bac Si Calumette Street was jammed with TV sets, cameras and transistor radios taken from abandoned American PXs.

It is now nine months since North Viet Nam's Russian-built T-54 tanks rumbled through the gates of former President Nguyen Van Thieu's palace in the view of recent foreign visitors.

cars predicted would follow the collapse of the Thieu regime, and no tales to match the stories of mass executions being brought out of Cambodia by refugees from the Khmer Rouge in Phnom Penh. Nonetheless, the new Communist government has taken some tough measures to discourage resistance. A few wealthy Chinese—traditional scapegoats of the Vietnamese—have been executed. Summary executions of petty criminals and looters have served as warnings that disorder will not be tolerated, though thievery and muggings still take place. Attacks on North Vietnamese troops continued at least until late last fall. Larger-scale resistance continued in the countryside, carried out by units of ARVN soldiers, Montagnards and members of the anti-Communist religious sect, the Hoa Hao, which still controls much of the Delta. The Com-



"Re-education" session for 26 generals of former South Vietnamese army. Second from left is onetime Defense Minister Nguyen Huu Co. (Below) Lower-ranking officers at another re-education camp.





Some of South Viet Nam's new leaders at a reunification conference in Saigon. Second from left: Provisional Revolutionary Government President Huynh Tan Phat; Deputy Minister of Defense General Dong Van Cong beneath Ho Chi Minh statue.



Former Saigon General Nguyen Huu Co.



Saigon officer at re-education camp.



Former General Tran Ba Di.



North Vietnamese soldier returning home with doll, a souvenir of Saigon. Children playing on ruins of American tank.





Heavy traffic in downtown Saigon. (Below) Family at home in "new economic area" near Lai Khe.





TV sets at "Thieves Market" in Saigon. (Below) Crowds at a gasoline stand.





Propaganda painting in ruined main square of An Loc. North Vietnamese soldiers rebuilding Hanoi-Saigon rail line.



THE WORLD

North Vietnamese leaders ratified the principle of reunification at a Saigon conference last fall. The next steps come in April, when national elections—presumably based on approved lists of candidates—for a representative assembly will be held. The assembly will begin the final work of reunification, formally approving a new constitution, choosing a new flag and proclaiming Hanoi the national capital.

Just as they have taken a conciliatory line toward the South Vietnamese people, the Communists have made a few peaceable gestures toward an old enemy. Hanoi has indicated that it is ready and even anxious to establish diplomatic relations with the U.S.—“as soon as possible.” North Vietnamese Premier Pham Van Dong told visiting Senator George McGovern in Hanoi last month. The Vietnamese, McGovern was told, would welcome trade with American companies. North Viet Nam has potential exports of tea, art, jute and oil, and is desperately in need of the kind of technology the U.S. can provide.

No Obligation. Hanoi also insists—though not as a condition for diplomatic relations—that the U.S. provide \$3.2 billion in reconstruction aid which, it claims, was promised by the Nixon Administration in 1973 just after the signing of the Paris peace agreement. Washington feels that North Viet Nam's conquest of the South was an egregious violation of the accords and that therefore the U.S. is not obliged to supply aid. In any case, the Ford Administration has stated that the North Vietnamese must show a willingness to help the U.S. locate the Americans missing in action before reconciliation can take place.

Hanoi has followed a flexible foreign policy toward other countries, trying at once to promote its revolutionary credentials and get aid and even investment from industrialized nations. The Soviet Union is the Vietnamese Communists' best friend and the largest aid donor (\$500 million in 1975). Chinese aid is estimated at about 40% of that. Not surprisingly, Hanoi has voiced support for Soviet policy toward Portugal, India and Angola—all of which have been bitterly criticized by China. At the same time, Hanoi has sought, and received, commercial contracts with Swedish, Indian, Australian and French companies. The Japanese are building a chemical fertilizer plant with a potential yearly output of 120,000 tons, and a Tokyo oil company last week was awarded exploration rights to Viet Nam's as yet unproved offshore oil reserves.

The Vietnamese need all the help they can get to rebuild the shattered economy of the South and reinvigorate that of the war-exhausted North. During the war, South Viet Nam imported 80% of its goods. Since American aid stopped, many of the country's industries have run down, and there are an estimated 1 million unemployed. Thanks



NORTH VIETNAMESE PREMIER PHAM VAN DONG IN HANOI
Peaceable gestures toward an old enemy.

to a bumper crop in the Mekong Delta (plus some imports from the North) the government has been able to supply ample rice at low prices. But most canned goods are now beyond the reach of ordinary people. Gasoline for Saigon's swarms of Hondas is officially rationed, but it can be obtained easily on the open market for about twice the rationed price, which is \$1 per gal.

The P.R.G.'s moderate policies toward small businessmen and foreign investors is part of South Viet Nam's slow transition to socialism. P.R.G. officials have offered to "guarantee" a profit to small businesses that reinvest earnings to create jobs and share profits with "worker funds." Foreign investors, beginning with the giant French Michelin rubber plantation, have been reassured that they will be allowed to stay in business.

The P.R.G. has tried to solve its most pressing economic problems by resettling people in the countryside. "New economic zones" have been set up in rural areas, each returning family is guaranteed about 3.3 acres of land, a simple dwelling, tools and six months' supply of rice; after that, the returnees are on their own. So far some 300,000 people have left Saigon for the farms, and the P.R.G. hopes to move 1.5 million more by the end of this year. But the relocation process is slow. In Saigon, whose population swelled from 500,000 in the late '40s to more than 3 million at the end of the war, generations of farmers have settled into a big-city existence; they are reluctant to go back to a subsistence life of hard labor in the paddyfields. In most cases, the government has used soft-sell persuasion to get people to leave the cities. But former ARVN soldiers and Saigon civil servants returning from re-education centers are invited to join a new economic zone in the countryside; they are warned that their rice ration cards can be withheld if they decline.

The P.R.G. has tried hard to wipe out some of South Viet Nam's worst social problems. Last month, for example, 19 drug-addiction centers—they are known as "restoration of human dignity

centers"—were opened in Saigon; acupuncture is being used to relieve withdrawal symptoms. A major clinic for the treatment of venereal disease, which is rampant in Saigon, has been set up. When people seemed reluctant to use its facilities, it was renamed the "Center for VD and Skin Diseases," giving potential patients a face-saving excuse. Another major project is reconstruction of the 1,050-mile Saigon-Hanoi coastal railroad, which has 496 bridges, 520 culverts, 20 mountain tunnels and 150 stations. Appropriately, it will be called the Thong Nhat [Reunification] Line.

Soccer Field. Signs of the U.S. presence are gradually disappearing. Communist cadres have moved into the villas in Saigon's suburbs once inhabited by Americans and wealthy South Vietnamese who fled to the U.S. Saigon's golf course has been converted into a public soccer field. The Cercle Sportif, once the city's fashionable center for tennis, swimming and outdoor table hopping, is now a workers' recreation center. Saigon's five newspapers practice a prudent self-censorship. Although books of all kinds are still available on small street stands, most stores are stocked with ideologically "sound" works imported from the North.

As usual in Communist regimes, the hard task of shaping a socialist state promises to come at the incalculable cost of political liberties. Many South Vietnamese may not be willing to pay it. For the time being, the Communists can still blame their problems, including resentment of their rule, on "the bad influences of American culture." Gradually, however, the P.R.G. will have to stand on its own record. Most observers believe that even barring serious political discontent, it will take at least a decade for reconstruction to be completed. Meanwhile, perhaps, the biggest advantage the Communists have is that for the first time in 30 years, the entire country is at peace. There may be troubles ahead, but as one Japanese recently returned to Tokyo put it, "Saigon sticks together, clearly because the people right now would prefer anything—even the P.R.G.—to war."



MARGAUX MAKES A SPLASH IN HOLLYWOOD

As a model, **Margaux Hemingway** had graced enough fashion pages to support a Boy Scout paper drive; as a businesswoman, she held a \$1 million contract from Fabergé for plugging perfume. What else could there be? Movies, of course. Now in Hollywood working on *Liptick*, a courtroom drama starring **Anna Bancroft**, she has been performing by day while taking acting and voice lessons in her off hours. "I can read the script before I go on and memorize my lines after studying them just one or two times," she reports with obvious pleasure. Though she plays a model, she insists that she has not been typecast. "The character I play is totally different from the way I am," says the flaky Margaux. "A lot more low-keyed. A lot less flamboyant."

"Your hiding place isn't watertight," observes a character in **Ingmar Bergman's** 1965 film *Persona*. "Life trickles in from the outside and you are forced to react." Last week the Swedish director found life flooding in on him. In the midst of his rehearsals for a new stage production, Stockholm police collared the master. Whisked off to the police tax division, Bergman was grilled on suspicion that he had failed to report \$119,000 as income from his former Swiss-based company. "What happened is painful and humiliating," protested Bergman, 57, insisting that he had no knowledge of any tax problems: "I leave that up to my lawyer." Released after more than two hours, he later entered a hospital suffering

what friends called "a nervous breakdown." Apparently unmoved, the police filed charges that could bring him a maximum of \$995,000 in fines or two years in jail.

It might be called a sister act, except that New York theater-goers will need two tickets and a fast taxi to catch both **Lynn** and **Vanessa Redgrave** in action next month. For two weeks the British-born sisters will appear simultaneously on different stages. Lynn as the upright daughter of a veteran hooker in *Shaw's Mrs. Warren's Profession*, Vanessa as the star of *Ibsen's The Lady from the Sea*. Might that box office competition strain family relations? "We'll get along fine, as long as we don't talk politics," says Lynn, who describes herself as a "liberal capitalist" while her sister belongs to the Trotskyite Workers' Revolutionary Party.

"It came as a shock. After all, I hadn't been married since the 1940s." Thus did Actress **Gloria Swanson**, 76, describe her marriage proposal from Writer **William Duffy**, 60. Married five times (among her husbands: Actor **Wallace Beery**), she first met Duffy more than a decade ago when he was an assistant editor on the *New York Post*. "He looked like a Buddha, all blubber," she says. Swanson, a natural-food fanatic, helped prod Duffy off sweets and onto a macrobiotic diet—and last week married him in Manhattan. "He's a convert of mine," boasted Gloria as she prepared for her honeymoon, a three-week tour to promote Duffy's new health-food book, *Sugar Blues*.

HEALTH FOOD FANS GLORIA SWANSON & WILLIAM DUFFY TRY A NEW RECIPE



Chocolate cake, a bottle of California champagne and a lot of razzing greeted Republican Presidential Candidate **Ronald Reagan** when he reached 65 last week. Reporters on the campaign trail offered application forms for Social Security and Medicare, and composed a ditty to the tune of *California, Here I Come*. Sample lyrics: "Senior citizens, I'm with you/ Guarantee my boodle too/ Voluntary, actuary, that's all bum/ Social Security here I come." Reagan, who is in fact a voluble critic of the current Social Security system and says he does not intend to claim the benefits for which he is now eligible, accepted the gibes with a crinkly smile.

RONNIE REACHES RETIREMENT AGE



PEOPLE

Then he offered a sample of his own actuarial skills. Said he: "This is the 26th anniversary of my 39th birthday."

After eleven days in the hot climes of Latin America, **Margaret Trudeau** faced some heat at home last week. Margaret, 27, wife of Canadian Prime Minister **Pierre Trudeau**, 56, had offended sticklers for protocol by wearing one of her husband's old campaign T-shirts in Cuba, by toasting the women's movement during a state banquet in Mexico, and by singing a song she had written for the wife of Venezuelan President **Carlos Andrés Pérez** in Caracas. When Margaret heard fans of an Ottawa radio show complaining of her conduct over the air, she placed a tearful call to the station. "I don't feel I did anything wrong," she said. "If you rely completely on protocol, you can become a robot."

JEAN MARSH GOES ELEGANT



DICK CAVETT & CARRIE NYE BUNDLE UP IN THEIR MANHATTAN BEDROOM



Margaret, who blamed the strains of politics for her psychiatric hospitalization in 1974, said protocol officers had tried to make "us an elite, separate from the people. And that's not our way."

"Nothing would make me happier," allowed **Elliot Richardson** during his oath-of-office ceremonies at the White House, "than to serve as Secretary of Commerce until January 20, 1981—thus putting to rest the notion that I can't hold a job." Richardson, 55, is a former Secretary of Defense, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, Attorney General, Under Secretary of State and the U.S. Ambassador to Britain. "I may be at this very moment entering the *Guinness Book of World Records* as the most sworn-in of Americans," quipped Richardson. "If I hadn't been moving so fast from place to place, I might well have become the most sworn-at of Americans."

She's a prim and proper chambermaid in television's *Upstairs, Downstairs* and a spinster with mail-order fancies in Broadway's *Ilse Hasebe Corpus*. "I've been doing a lot of plain parts," concedes Actress **Jean Marsh**, 41. "At one time I wanted to get away from pretty ladies' roles. Now I want them back." On Feb. 22 and 29, she's getting one, in a TV tribute titled *Mad About the Boy: Noël Coward —A Celebration*. The two-part show has Marsh singing, dancing and reciting Cowardian dialogue. All that for \$300 per show, a skimpy paycheck made necessary by CBS's production budget. "I'd rather have the honor," says Marsh. "You know, the cachet, not the cash."



SHIRLEY STEPS HIGH IN LONDON

"Compulsively watchable," cooed the *Daily Express*. Purred the critic from the *Daily Telegraph*: "It's been a long, long time since I saw a theatre so filled with joy." Backed by a big band for her first show at the London Palladium, Actress **Shirley MacLaine** sang, danced and showed few of her 41 years. "My muscles are better, my breathing is better, and that's because I'm more relaxed," said she. "When you know who you are and you realize what you can do, you can do things better at 40 than when you're 20."

"There's something ludicrous in watching a chiffon dress freeze," remarked former Talk Show Host **Dick Cavett**, referring to the Arctic scene in his fashionable Manhattan apartment. A flood in the basement three weeks earlier had left Cavett, his wife, Actress **Carrie Nye**, and other tenants without heat, running water or electricity. Despite their complaints, repairs lagged, and by the time a cold spell struck, bursting pipes and flooding apartments, the Cavetts had packed off to a nearby hotel. Returning home only for fresh clothes, the entertainer would carry a heater into the bathroom for warmth. "When I couldn't see my breath in the mirror any more, I'd change," he recalled. "I felt like Clark Kent."



AFTER THE OPENING OLYMPIC CEREMONIES, AMERICANS SHEILA YOUNG (LEFT) & BILL KOCH (RIGHT) WINNING GOLD & SILVER MEDALS

SPORT

Olympics: The Rush of Winning

Speed skating and cross-country skiing are faint stars in the firmament of U.S. sports. The first can claim no more than 3,000 competitors in the entire nation and only one full-size training rink. The second holds a national championship meet so obscure that last year a total of twelve fans watched the finish of one race.

Now all that may change. As the Winter Olympics got under way in Inns-

bruck last week, competitors from these two obscure sports put America well up in the medal rankings with performances that were the talk of the Tyrol. In a three-day tour de force of stamina and strength, Midwesterner Sheila Young, 25, collected three medals—gold, silver and bronze—in speed skating. The total was the most ever won by an American in a Winter Olympics. Meanwhile, in the wooded high country above Innsbruck, Vermont Farm Boy Bill Koch, 20, stunned the European cross-country establishment by finishing second in the 30-km. marathon. It was the first Nordic skiing medal in history for the U.S.

The games began with the familiar splendid pageantry: athletes in the uniforms of 37 nations marched past the box occupied by Austrian President Rudolf Kirchschläger. Overhead, helicopters unfurled the Austrian, Olympic and Tyrolean flags. A three-gun howitzer salute preceded the lighting of the Olympic flame, symbol of the history and fellowship of the quadrennial games.

The Austrians did not have to wait long for their first payoff for playing host to the show. On the opening morning of competition, Native Son Franz Klammer, 22, flew down the downhill course, approaching 90 m.p.h. at one point, to win the gold medal. It was a rough, reckless run. Said Klammer, "I thought I was going to crash all the way."

It was a fast start too for the Russian fans, who turned out in strength at

every event with red flags and bushy fur hats. Their ace speed skater Tatiana Averina won a gold in the 1,000-meter race to go along with two bronze medals in the 500 and 1,500. Galina Stepankaya, 27, a last-minute addition to the Soviet speed skating team, took the 1,500-meter race. The favored figure-skating duo, Irina Rodnina and Alexander Zaitsev, though performing slightly off their usually impeccable form, easily won the gold medal. Also, the juggernaut Russian hockey team beat but did not embarrass a youthful American squad 6-2. The East Germans also did well. On Saturday, they won six out of nine possible medals in three different events, including first places in the men's and women's single luge and the 70-meter ski jump.

No Socks. The biggest winner of the week, though, was Sheila Young, a compact (5 ft. 4 in., 130 lbs.), strong-legged athlete with an intense competitive fire. Bolting off the starting line like a jack rabbit in each of her races—1,500 (silver), 500 (gold) and 1,000 (bronze) meters—she drove through the all-important turns in near perfect form. "It feels weird to win a gold medal," declared Sheila, who had a bad cold and a hacking cough. "I felt this rush through my whole body when I knew I had won." Daughter of a traffic-department worker at the Budd Co. in Detroit, Sheila has been speed skating since she was twelve. She skates without socks "for better rapport" with her blades. She was edged out of a second silver in the 1,000 by fellow American Leah Poulos.

If Sheila was the first big winner



KLAMMER ATTACKING THE DOWNHILL



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MILESTONES

in the games, Bill Koch was the most surprising. Competing in only his third 30-km. race (he is a 15-km. specialist), Koch was considered no match for a pack of endurance racers from Scandinavia and Russia. As he swallowed an energizing mixture of Coke syrup, glucose, minerals and salt at the course's first checkpoint, he was leading Finland's favored Juha Mieto by 10 sec. He knew then that he could get a medal. Repressing the pain—"Every muscle aches," he says—and breathing "like a freight train," Koch pounded his poles into the snow like a farmer churning butter. He covered the hilly, torturous course in 1:30:57, only 28 sec. slower than Russian Winner Sergei Savelyev.

Koch's victory was the culmination of a youth movement in the U.S. cross-country program begun by Coach Marty Hall two years ago, and it followed some 5,000 miles of practice skiing, running and hiking for Koch this year. His career began when he was three. His father strapped him to an old pair of oak skis and pointed him down a gentle hill on the family maple-syrup farm in Guilford, Vt. Three years later, he switched to Nordic skiing and jumping and later got to grade school by skiing 10 km. through the woods. "It's a form of self-expression," he says. "It feels so good to train and be out there in the woods that if someone tried to stop me, I'd go bananas."

Died. Werner Heisenberg, 74, iconoclastic German nuclear physicist who joined with Albert Einstein, Max Planck and others in repealing some of Newton's laws of physics during the 1920s and 1930s; in Munich, Heisenberg's outstanding contribution, for which he won the Nobel Prize at 31, was the formulation of the uncertainty, or indeterminacy principle. It states that there is an ultimate limit on physical measurement or observation in scientific experiments because the very act of measurement changes the behavior of objects under scrutiny. Unlike many of his scientist friends, Heisenberg remained in Germany under the Nazi regime and carried out atomic research.

Died. Milton Harry Biow, 83, advertising man and popularizer of such classic catch phrases as "Call for Philip Morris" and "Bulova Watch Time" and creator of radio's celebrated *The \$64 Question*; in Manhattan.

Died. Hilmar Robert Baukhage, 87, newsmen and radio commentator who announced the start of World War II in a historic on-the-scene broadcast from Berlin in 1939, then on Dec. 7, 1941, aired the first live newscast from the White House with a marathon eight-hour report on the Pearl Harbor attack; in Washington, D.C. With "Baukhage talking" as his sign-on, the broadcaster was an NBC and ABC mainstay for two decades.

Died. Hans Richter, 87, painter, film maker and one of the originators of the Dada movement in art; in Locarno, Switzerland. While many of Richter's revolutionary friends, such as Painters Max Ernst and Marcel Duchamp and Sculptor Hans Arp settled into more traditional art forms, Richter gave up his easel for Dadaist and Surrealist film making. He made his first film, *Rhythym 21*, in 1921 and his best, *Dreams That Money Can Buy*, in 1947. In 1941 Richter fled Nazi Germany and came to New York, where he taught cinema for many years. In 1965 he published his authoritative account, *Dada: Art and Anti-Art*.

Died. Pathologist George Hoyt Whipple, 97, co-winner of the Nobel Prize for Medicine in 1934 for research demonstrating that a liver diet could control pernicious anemia; in Rochester. A Yale graduate, class of 1900, he received his medical degree in 1905 from Johns Hopkins, where he remained until 1914 studying and teaching pathology. After six years at the University of California, Whipple in 1921 became a founding father and first dean of the new University of Rochester medical school, which he headed for 32 years.

Village Life: An Orwellian Fantasy

In addition to covering events on the slopes and rinks, TIME Staff Writer Philip Taubman explored Innsbruck's Olympic Village, a cluster of high-rise apartment buildings, shops and dining facilities that serves as home for some 2,000 participants and coaches at the Winter Games. His report:

On the surface, it is the realization of an Orwellian fantasy, a chilling page out of *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. To avoid the kind of terrorist attack that killed eleven Israelis in Munich four years ago, the Austrians constructed what they hope is a guerrilla-proof village. To the athletes checking in last week, initial impressions were unnerving: an 8-ft.-high chain-link fence surrounding the compound, electronically wired to set off an alarm at the slightest touch; a main gate guarded by submachine guns; and a gauntlet of identity checks by sentries, who bark at athletes, "Show me your pass." Says Italian Figure Skater Susan Drisano: "I was shocked when I arrived. It looks like a P.O.W. camp." Go a few steps inside the bleak main gate and the mood changes dramatically. There is dancing nightly to the driving beat of rock music and strobe lights in the recreation center's Club Intersport discotheque; upstairs, a movie theater is S.R.O. Village swingers, meanwhile,

gripe about an 11 p.m. curfew and the strictly enforced regulation that men cannot enter women's residences. "This would be a great place," quips British Bobsledder Tony Norton, "if it weren't for the Olympics."

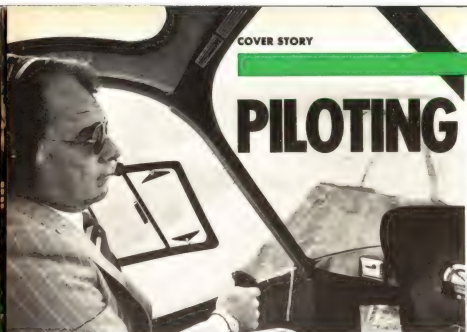
One thing no one complains about is the food—unlimited quantities served almost non-stop from 6 a.m. until 11 in the morning. Not that all nations settle exclusively for the house menus: roast duck with chestnuts, or grilled tournedos with tarragon. The French, Italian and Swiss teams all brought their own chefs.

Irony is another staple in the dining room. Superstars like Austrian Downhill Winner Franz Klammer get asked for autographs by other athletes, and the Russian hockey players, who are years older than most of the competitors, are looked on with awe. For the rest, the comfort of familiar faces appears to mean more than opportunities for international fellowship. The Swedes, in their yellow and blue, do not blend at the same table with the Rumanians in red. Nor do Americans eat with Russians. In fact, U.S. figure skaters do not sit with the American bobsledders; American skiers do not even know the speed skaters. "I guess it seems crazy," says U.S. Figure Skater Linda Fratianne, "but the only people we know are the ones we've been training with."

SECURITY GUARD STANDS BY 8-FT.-HIGH FENCE SURROUNDING THE OLYMPIC VILLAGE



PILOTING PATTY'S



LAWYER-FLYER BAILEY AT THE CONTROLS OF ONE OF HIS COMPANY'S HELICOPTERS

Whether or not it would ultimately prove to be the "trial of the century," as some headlines proclaimed, *Case No. 74-364: The U.S. v. Patricia Campbell Hearst* promised to be one of the most powerful court dramas of recent years. As Federal Judge Oliver Carter opened the proceedings in his San Francisco courtroom last week, Patty Hearst's trial for armed bank robbery was already shaping up as not only the climactic episode in her still puzzling personal story of kidnapping and radical politics, but also as a kind of peculiarly American legal Super Bowl. Some 200 reporters representing news organizations from as far away as Australia and West Germany were in town for the event. Court groupies and Hearst case buffs arrived from all over the country; some had taken leaves from their jobs to see as much of the six- to eight-week trial as possible.

Would-be spectators lined up before dawn in order to be among those allowed to pass through the weapons-screening device set up outside the cramped courtroom. The trial, said one lawyer-spectator, had all the elements of theater—"a script, actors, wardrobe, props." The trial should clear up at least some of the mysteries still shrouding Patty's 19½ months with the Symbionese Liberation Army as Captive Patty and Comrade, willing or not, Tania Hearst. But unless and until Patty takes the stand, the overwhelming presence in the legal drama will not be the Hearst heiress herself but the man who will press her case in court: Boston Attorney F. (for Francis) Lee Bailey.

Bailey is nothing if not confident. "The fact is it's not a difficult case," he told *TIME* Correspondent Joseph Boyce. Perhaps, Patty, 21, is on trial for her part in the S.L.A.'s April 1974 robbery of \$10,600 from a Hibernia Bank branch in San Francisco. In his effort to convict her of armed bank robbery—which carries a sentence of up to 25 years—Prosecutor James Browning, 42, plans to prove that she was there willingly. In response, Bailey will try to convince Patty's mostly middle-class jury of five men and seven women, only five with children of their own, that she took part in the holdup only because she had in ef-

fect been brainwashed by her S.L.A. captors during the twelve weeks since they had kidnaped her from the Berkeley apartment that she had shared with Steven Weed. If Bailey is successful, it will be the first time in the U.S. that a jury has ever been persuaded that a defendant did not have criminal intent because of having been brainwashed.

When the trial opened, the courtroom was jammed with 100 reporters in a box facing the jury, some 90 spectators and assorted attorneys, aides and badge-wearing U.S. marshals posted along the walls and aisles. Patty Hearst, wearing a beige pin-stripe pantsuit and salmon nail polish, sat near Bailey at the defense table.

Prosecutor Browning rose to make his opening statement. In flat tones and almost metronomic cadences, he explained to the jury in minute detail how, among other things, they would be shown film of the bank robbery and hear witnesses who saw a gun-toting girl announce, "This is Tania Hearst." Browning also cited Patty's machine-gunning support of S.L.A. comrades four weeks later at a Los Angeles sporting goods store and a book manuscript prepared by Patty and Emily and William Harris, the only S.L.A. survivors, in which Patty allegedly wrote that she "began to feel sympathy" for the S.L.A. cause and eventually asked to join the group.

Then it was Bailey's turn. Wearing a charcoal gray suit, the

banty, 5 ft. 7½ in., ex-Marine flyer walked to the lectern, folded his arms, leaned toward the jury and, without glancing at his notes, delivered a calm, 30-minute summary of his case. There would be no denial that Patty was in the bank, he said, but he urged the jury to note that "perhaps for the first time in the history of bank robbery, a robber was directed to identify herself in the midst of the act." Patty, his argument ran, was a normal, marriage-bound college coed of 19 when she was kidnaped; her fragile teen-age will was broken during her first six to nine weeks with the S.L.A., during which she was kept in a closet and sexually abused by S.L.A. Leader Donald ("Cinque") De Freeze. Her captors were "crazy people" who were "decidedly serious that they could overthrow the United States of America through terrorist tactics." After she was frightened into submission, she also became convinced that the FBI would kill her if she tried to escape—a conviction, Bailey went on, that was only hardened by then Attorney General William Saxbe's remark that Patty should be regarded as "nothing but a common criminal." At the moment she was captured by FBI agents last September, Bailey continued, "her terror mounted to the point which is probably the highest a human being can stand,

PATTY HEARST HEADING FOR COURT



DEFENSE

and she became incontinent." As they listened to Bailey's presentation, Patty's mother Catherine and sister Vicki, sitting next to Randolph Hearst in the first spectator bench, wept quietly.

The prosecution then began to present its film and witnesses. One of them was Bank Guard Edward Shea, 68, who testified that one of the women in the robbery pointed a gun at him and said, "The first person who puts up his head, I'll blow his motherf---ing head off." Then in the cross-examination, Bailey flashed a bit of the style that is his trademark. He asked the guard who it was who had threatened him.

Shea: Nobody threatened me.

Bailey: I thought someone said they were going to blow your motherf---ing head off.

Shea: I thought she said it to the general public.

Bailey asked that the film of the robbery be run so Shea could identify the woman who had snarled the threat. First, Shea pointed to Nancy Ling Perry, then, obviously confused, he pointed to the third girl in the robbery, Camilla Hall. When Shea mumbled a response to a later question, Bailey asked him what he had said.

Shea: Your voice is too low.

Bailey: Do you have a hearing problem?

Shea: Yes.

Bailey: Did you have a hearing problem the day of the robbery?

Shea: Yes.

It turned out that Shea's hearing problem was so bad that he had had ear surgery to treat it.

When his turn to present Patty's case comes, Bailey will have some surprises. One of them will be testimony from a convict who served with Cinque at Vacaville Prison; he will testify that the "Field Marshal" was an avid reader in prison of books on thought control. But the critical testimony in Bailey's case will be that of three defense psychiatrists, among them Yale Psychiatrist Robert Jay Lifton, an authority on wartime brainwashing of American prisoners of war. Bailey's experts have talked extensively with Patty and will testify that she was "broken" by her captors and could never have formed the criminal intent necessary to be convicted of a crime. It scarcely seems likely that the jury would find Bailey's brainwashing argument persuasive if they do not get to hear about Patty's experience in her own words. But, as the trial began last week, Bailey insisted that he had not yet decided whether he would put the pale, fragile-looking girl who is the central figure in his biggest case on the stand. Perhaps she could not yet take the strain.

Making that critical choice—and readying her for the ordeal if she does testify—is what a top lawyer is paid for. Randolph Hearst can afford any lawyer in the country, and after his daughter was captured on Sept. 18, he wrestled with the question: Whom to choose? Top trial lawyers are a highly strung, individualistic, often egomaniacal breed. While there are numerous sound, solid criminal attorneys—the Watergate trials abounded in them—the superstars with stage-center courtroom genius are few. Percy Foreman, 73, of Houston is, some colleagues say, a bit past his prime. Richard ("Racehorse") Haynes, 48, also of Houston, may assume Foreman's mantle some day, but most legal handicappers rate him as not yet at top stride. Hearst felt he had only two real choices, and he called the pre-eminent U.S. trial lawyer first.

Edward Bennett Williams of Washington, D.C., says he declined the case mostly because he was not sure he would have a free hand. That left Bailey. He is not an attorney for all seasons and all cases. "I wouldn't go near Bailey in a complicated commercial fraud case," says one lawyer who has worked for him.



HOLDING HIBERNIA BANK ROBBERY PHOTOS IN THE COURTHOUSE

Moreover, in the past few years he has been occupied with personal legal troubles. But ever since he burst to fame with the Sam Sheppard case in 1966, he has been superb for one particular kind of case. When the charges are spectacular and well publicized, when a confident prosecution force is pulling out all the stops, when most of the public thinks the defendant guilty, virtually every lawyer and court buff who have seen him in action agree that no one else can top F. Lee Bailey.

In every case Bailey takes, his offensive starts long before the trial. First he does his own "poor best" to counter official and leaked versions of the prosecution's case. Boston Prosecutor John Gaffney, who has faced Bailey in court several different times, explains that another aim is to "make the public—and presumably his potential jury—familiar with his planned defense so they will ultimately be more comfortable with it in court." Soon after Bailey entered the Hearst case, he settled on his line of defense, and the girl who had listed her employment as "urban guerrilla" when she was arrested began to acquire a new look. Gone was the braless, T-shirted image; Patty took to appearing in court wearing a pansuit and turtleneck, or a blouse with a flowing bow at the neck.

Bailey investigators went to work retracing Patty's 591-day trail from kidnap to capture. Says Harvard Law Professor Alan Dershowitz, who is helping with the Hearst legal strategy: "Bailey is virtually the only criminal lawyer I've met who has mastered the art of pretrial investigation." Once an investigator himself, Bailey has his team visit witnesses, get photographs, collect documents, visit locales of key events—all so they can "stuff my head with enough facts for when the action starts."

Also fond—some say overfond—of technical tools, Bailey

THE LAW

asked experts to analyze the various tapes made by Patty as Tania for signs of stress. They produced nothing he could use. Other experts have analyzed the bank robbery film for him—to determine, among other things, whether she was showing fear. Finally, he has had specialists give Patty a polygraph test (a favorite Bailey device); the results, he says, support the claim that she believed herself always under threat. He will fight to have those results admitted at the trial.

On his feet in the courtroom, Bailey "is absolutely without peer," says Boston Lawyer Gerald Alch, a former Bailey associate. Says San Francisco Attorney James Brosnahan, who has faced Bailey in court: "He is quick, forceful, smart and knows where he is going and how to get there. He has the quality you find in brain surgeons. He concentrates completely on technique and doesn't get tied up in emotionalism." Adds Wall Street Lawyer Joseph McLaughlin: "He has a fantastic ability to adapt to his audience, whether it's a jury, a witness or the press."

Of all the trial arts, Bailey's greatest strength is cross-examination. Says Alch: "I can watch him cross-examine a witness, and he'll lose me. If I don't know where he is going, you can bet your life the witness doesn't." One typical example came in a 1968 trial in Boston in which an eyewitness identification was important to the prosecution's case. Defense Lawyer Bailey got the prosecution witness to mistakenly name a man in the courtroom as an investigator who had interviewed him. With the witness reeling but stubborn, Bailey then brought in another man and asked if he were the investigator.

Witness: No.

Bailey: That's not the man, is it?

Witness: No.

Bailey: And you are as certain of that as you are about the rest of your testimony?

Witness: Yes.

Bailey: I have just taken his identification card from his pocket and I invite you to read it and weep.

Bailey's team—longtime friend and associate J. Albert Johnson, 42, two associate lawyers and three or four private investigators—amassed large loose-leaf notebooks for the Hearst trial that total more than 500 pages. They are indexed by witness and cross-indexed by subject. The night before a witness is to appear, Bailey memorizes that section, then almost never uses notes. All the information is vital for cross-examination, says Bailey, "because you will continually open doors and you'd better damn well know what's on the other side. This is the reason we waste so much time learning things we will never use. At least we will never be confronted by the unexpected."

F. Lee Bailey has always liked to know, almost viscerally, what he is talking about. At Harvard, where he was an undergraduate for two years, then thinking about becoming a writ-

er), he assigned himself a short story on what it feels like to commit suicide by running a car engine in a closed garage. So he decided to find out for himself, drove his car into his garage, closed the door and waited. He discovered that a would-be exhaust-suicide gets sick to his stomach—at which point Bailey hastily halted his experiment.

The same answer might have been somewhere in a book, but the young Bailey was much too impatient to fumble around for it in a library. He was, in fact, an indifferent student, despite a 172 I.Q. (according to an application to MENSA, the New York-based genius club). Recalls his younger (by seven years) brother Bill, also a lawyer: Lee was known around their home town of Waltham, Mass., less as a brain than as "the kid who would do something when everybody else would chicken out."

One early escapade was a lengthy "safari" around a neighbor's farm in a 1932 Chrysler he had bought for \$50. Bailey gleefully knocked over trees, bulldozed bushes and savagely tore up the soft turf, for years afterward he talked about the special joy he had had "bulling through the elephant grass." Restless, obstreperous intelligence runs in his family. One grandfather liked to sit in a dark closet playing chess over the telephone without a board in front of him. Bailey's mother founded and ran a successful children's nursery, while his father, a newspaper ad salesman, had trouble holding jobs because he could not refrain from telling his employers how to run their businesses.

The couple separated when Lee was ten. The boy was badly hurt. He and his mother eventually began to feud, so she sent him away at 13 to a remote New Hampshire prep school, Cardigan Mountain. There Bailey pursued such enthusiasms as writing, oratory, carpentry and a bruising brand of hockey. His headmaster worried that "Lee is far too much a law unto himself." But Bailey has told his biographer, Les Whitten, that during his first year away from home, "I was probably as happy as I have ever been."

In 1952, when he was in his sophomore year at Harvard, Bailey became bored with academe and joined the Navy. He just missed the Korean War, but found two permanent passions: flying and the law, which he considers integrally related. "If I ran a school for criminal lawyers," he wrote in his 1971 book *The Defense Never Rests*, "I would teach them all to fly. I would send them up when the weather was rough, when the planes were in tough shape, when the birds were walking. The ones who survived would understand the meaning of 'alone.'"

Bailey had transferred to the Marines to do his jet flight duty, and wound up, by a felicitous military fluke, as his squadron's chief legal officer. He spent the last 17 months of his Marine hitch prosecuting, defending, judging or investigating military cases. On the side, he apprenticed with a civilian lawyer, a fact that helped him to talk



A PATTY ALBUM: AN EIGHTH GRADER; AT SISTER'S DEBUT (AGE 18), WITH WEED (19), AS TANIA (19), AFTER ARREST (21) And when the trial started, the "urban guerrilla" turned up wearing pantsuits and nail polish.

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Nobody's lower than Carlton.

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figures for other menthols
that call themselves low in tar.

	tar, mg/cig	nicotine, mg/cig
Brand D (Menthol)	13	1.0
Brand KM (Menthol)	13	0.7
Brand T (Menthol)	11	0.6
Brand V (Menthol)	11	0.7

Carlton Menthol—

***2 mg. tar, 0.2 mg. nicotine.**

Carlton 70's (lowest of all brands)—

***1 mg. tar, 0.1 mg. nicotine.**

*Av. per cigarette by FTC method.

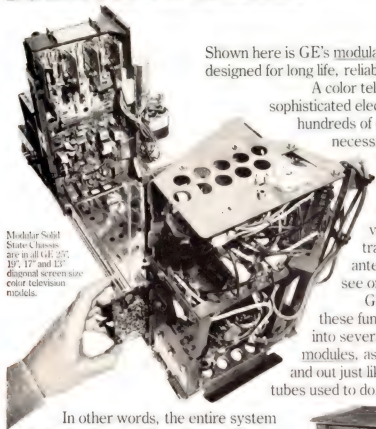


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Menthol
2 mg.—
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Menthol: 2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

GE explains why your next color TV should have a modular solid state chassis.



Modular Solid State Chassis are in all GE 25", 19", 17" and 13" diagonal screen size color television models.

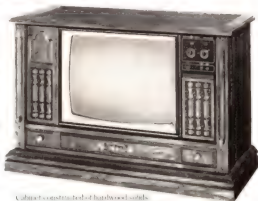
Shown here is GE's modular color television chassis, designed for long life, reliability and ease of service.

A color television chassis is a complex, sophisticated electronic machine, containing hundreds of electronic components necessary to produce a color picture on a TV screen. These components are combined into a system of circuits which control and operate the various functions required to transform the signal from your antenna into the color picture you see on the screen.

General Electric has separated these functional solid state circuits into several small circuit boards called modules, as seen here, which plug in and out just like old-fashioned vacuum tubes used to do.

In other words, the entire system of circuitry has been "modularized," or partitioned, so that operating functions are isolated for ease of service diagnosis, repair or replacement.

So compare color sets before you buy your next set. When you combine our modular solid state chassis with General Electric built color picture tubes, ease of tuning with our One Touch Color® system* and GE's Custom Picture Control, you'll understand why...



Cabinet constructed of hardwood solids veneered with simulated wood accents.

It all adds up to GE performance television



**performance
TELEVISION**

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

*Available on most models.

his way into Boston University Law School after his discharge, even though he had not finished college.

Bailey graduated first in his class, despite spending much of his time watching actual trials and running a successful investigative firm servicing local lawyers. During classes he often read in apparent boredom; when his professors tried to tag him with sudden questions, he would smugly answer in minute detail, then go back to his reading. His worst grade, ironically, was on a criminal law exam—but only because he is plagued with a bad case of left-handers' handwriting and could not finish all his answers. After that debacle, he was permitted to bring a typewriter to all his exams; even today he writes only his signature and types everything else.

Bailey's only worry about entering criminal law was that there would not be much money in it, and he did not strike it rich immediately. But he did the next best thing: he became almost instantly famous. When he got his law degree in 1960, the headlines in Massachusetts were filled with the case of George Edgerly, a Lowell auto mechanic accused of murdering his wife and then chopping up her body. By mistake, Edgerly's ailing defense attorney had agreed to the admission of a polygraph test that an expert claimed proved Edgerly's guilt. The lawyer desperately looked around for anyone who knew enough about relatively new techniques to cross-examine the supposed expert. Bailey happened to be studying polygraphs for another client's defense. Barely three months after his admission to the bar, he got what he called "a slice of the moon." He tore apart the expert's credentials and testimony, then took over presentation of all the defense evidence and won. It was his first time in court.

A year later, a reporter asked Bailey if he would supervise a lie detector test for Cleveland Doctor Sam Sheppard, who had already been convicted of murdering his wife. Bailey agreed. To get permission for the test, Bailey mounted what became the first of his now familiar pretrial publicity campaigns. Appearing on a TV talk show, he used a lie detector to uncover the most burning secret of the day: that Johnny Carson would be Jack Paar's replacement on nighttime TV. The tactic did more for his ego than his client. The play hardened official resistance, and a state court declined to order the polygraph.

Undaunted, Bailey came back with a new challenge to the conviction in federal court. His argument this time was that the judge at Sheppard's original trial seven years before had failed to insulate the jury from an anti-Sheppard newspaper campaign by changing the venue, sequestering the jurors, or at least ordering them not to read press accounts. The U.S. Supreme Court, in a landmark 8-to-1 decision, agreed with Bailey, then 32, and ordered Sheppard freed or retried. At the new trial in 1966, Bailey easily won an acquittal for Sheppard.

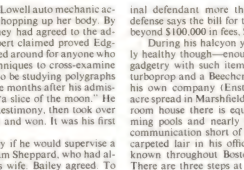
Before long, Bailey's client list read like a *Who's Who* of the ac-



BAILEY WITH CAPTAIN MEDINA (1970)



WITH GLENN TURNER (1972)



WITH PRESS AND SAM SHEPPARD (1965)



CONFERRING WITH CARL COPPOLINO (1967)



THE LAW

cused in the sensational crimes of the 1960s:

- Anesthesiologist Carl Coppolino, acquitted of killing his lover's husband, but later convicted, despite another Bailey defense effort, of murdering his wife.

- Albert DeSalvo, the apparent Boston strangler, convicted of robbery and various other offenses but not of the killings.

- Four alleged plotters in Massachusetts' \$1.5 million "Great Plymouth Mail Robbery," all acquitted.

- Captain Ernest Medina, acquitted of Army charges that he ordered and participated in the My Lai massacre.

Many of Bailey's 1960s clients could pay him little or nothing. But, as he candidly concedes, their cases brought him other clients with substantial bank accounts. Bailey's fees are not as fat as some reports have suggested. In fact, his associates complain that the give-no-quarter Boston attorney gets embarrassed when it comes time to talk money with a client, so they usually do it for him. Bailey's firm has never charged a crim-

inal defendant more than \$200,000. One source close to the defense says the bill for the Hearst defense may not climb much beyond \$100,000 in fees, \$75,000 more in expenses.

During his halcyon years, Bailey's annual income was clearly healthy though—enough to satisfy his addiction to flight and gadgetry with such items as a twin-engine Turbo Commander turboprop and a Beechcraft. He also keeps a helicopter, built by his own company (Enstrom Corp. of Michigan), on his 78½-acre spread in Marshfield, Mass., 30 miles south of Boston. His 17-room house there is equipped with indoor and outdoor swimming pools and nearly every form of 20th century electronic communication short of his own hot line to Moscow. The gray-carpeted lair in his office in Boston, which he rarely visits, is known throughout Boston legal circles as the "throne room." There are three steps at the entrance; a panel of Klieg lights is mounted above the master's desk for press conferences.

For all of his early success, Bailey has been having a hard time in recent years. In fact, the Hearst case represents something of a comeback try for him, and he needs a convincing victory in Judge Carter's courtroom almost as badly as do Patty and the Hearsts. His problems have been a result of the same real that brought him his triumphs. In 1968, Bailey angrily wrote the New Jersey Governor charging that a murder prosecution of a Bailey client would be based knowingly on perjured testimony, then carelessly distributed the letter so widely that it swiftly leaked to the press. Though the client was eventually acquitted, Bailey was suspended from practice in New Jersey for a year and censured by the Massachusetts Bar. He also overextended himself, writing—and vigorously promoting—two bestsellers, hosting a TV interview show, and serving as nominal publisher of *Gallery*, a copy-kitten rip-off of *Playboy*. He even made plans to play himself in a movie, *The Sam Sheppard Story*. Sudden-

THE LAW

ly, things began to sour. The movie never got off the ground, the TV show was canceled and he left *Gallery*. His helicopter company was slow to lift off (it only recently began to make money), and an airport he bought near his home was on its way to losing \$200,000. Most serious, he was charged with fraud in two of his outside enterprises. One case was soon dropped, but the other charge nearly dropped Bailey.

He had become an admirer of Glenn Turner, the Koscos cosmetics huckster from Florida, and became his lawyer and adviser. The Government charged Bailey also made speeches endorsing investments in Turner's franchises. When the law came down on Turner for conspiracy to defraud investors, Bailey was indicted too. The evidence against Bailey was thin, but he had to abandon virtually everything else and spend \$350,000 and two years fighting the charges, which were eventually dropped

after an eight-month trial in Florida ended in a hung jury in 1974. Although Associate Johnson kept the Boston office open, the Bailey firm all but withered away, new business fell by 80%, and young associates left to find other jobs.

Bailey's firm has come back since the Turner charges were dropped and is now operating in the black. His colleagues insist that he has mellowed somewhat since the Florida battle—and his subsequent marriage to his third wife Lynda, 28. He and British-born Lynda, a stewardess supervisor, met at a restaurant in Detroit, where Bailey was trying a case. When he first saw her she was sitting at a table with one of his associates reading a paperback novel. Bailey walked up to the table and grumped, "Forget that trash and read something worthwhile." He threw down a copy of *The Defense Never Rests*. As Lynda tells it: "I had never before heard of Lee Bailey. I called him a proper cocky bas-

SCARRED, BUT TOGETHER AGAIN

Viewed from a distance, they make a handsome family, all dressed up and sitting together in the courtroom—as healthy and prosperous looking as when they sat proudly in the pew at the Marymount School chapel, where Patty made her first communion 13 years ago. But San Francisco Federal Judge Oliver J. Carter's paneled courtroom is no church, and Randolph and Catherine Hearst have traveled prodigious emo-

reclude, communicating with old friends rarely and then only by telephone. She has been neglecting her regular monthly meetings of the University of California's board of regents, was hospitalized briefly for nervous exhaustion after the kidnapping. She has since regained at least some of her old fire—and swallowed her disapproval of Patty's free-wheeling pre-S.L.A. life-style. Still, friends describe Catherine as intensely

mandated that he dig deeply into his \$2 million net worth to distribute food to the poor. But Randolph, too, is said to have grown bitter since her return—bitter at the chaos and venality surrounding the food give-away, at the Government's insistence that his daughter is more criminal than victim, and at the suspicion that many of his friends and acquaintances consider her guilty as charged.

The Hearsts visit Patty three or four times a week, and friends say their encounters—strained and formal at first—have warmed considerably. Patty's lawyers report she was scared and aloof when she arrived at San Mateo County jail, 25 miles from the courthouse, but Sheriff John McDonald Jr. says she fell quickly into the prison's routine. "Her attitude hasn't changed," says McDonald. "She's still calm, cool and collected." She has also been suffering from menstrual problems, eats only lightly, and has dropped from 102 lbs. to 97.

Al Johnson, the lawyer who has been closer to Patty than perhaps anyone since her capture, says she has become "more alert, more conscious of the problems facing her, and more receptive at our urging that she participate in her own defense." She has been spending as much as seven hours a day with her attorneys, filling idle time watching television and reading magazines. She has free access to a telephone, and last week called F. Lee Bailey to complain about an article in the monthly skin magazine *Gensis* about her sex life. It was Bailey and Johnson, not her parents, who picked out the new clothes that she has been wearing at her trial.

Patty is popular among fellow prisoners, some of whom have returned to visit her after serving their time. She has been crocheting colorful shawls for her mother and some inmates, and Johnson suggested that she crochet him a ski mask—forgetting for a moment that the Carmichael, Calif., bank robbery for which she may face charges was the work of ski-masked bandits. Replied Patty, suddenly morose: "I don't think they would like that."



RANDOLPH & CATHERINE HEARST AT HOME IN THEIR SAN FRANCISCO APARTMENT

tional distances to be at their daughter's side again. The first shock of the kidnapping, the pain of Patty's taped denunciation of her parents as "pigs," the dark hours before the charred bodies of six Symbionese Liberation Army members killed in a Los Angeles shootout were identified, and her sudden, almost unexpected capture last September—all have left their scars on the Hearsts.

Of the two, Catherine, 57, has suffered most visibly. Once a gay and irrepressible fixture on the Bay Area social circuit, she has become a virtual

bitter over the "persecution" of "my little girl" by prosecutors and a disapproving public.

Randolph, 60, has quietly withdrawn from an active role in the family publishing empire—although he is still chairman of the Hearst Corp. and president of the San Francisco *Examiner*—and spends his days consulting with Patty's attorneys. A quiet and thoughtful man, he had been troubled even before the kidnapping by some of the social injustices decry by the S.L.A. He did not complain when the S.L.A. de-

tard. He fired back a comment and we got into a little battle." But she stayed for dinner and the next day went to watch Bailey perform in court. Three days later Bailey proposed. Lynda, then engaged to marry someone else (the invitations were already out) promptly accepted.

He remains on good terms with his two former wives. When the eldest of his three sons was married last summer, all the Bailey women showed up and cheerfully posed with Lee for a group snapshot, each of them holding up one, two or three fingers to indicate their sequence in the This Was Bailey's Life marital tableau. He is a lavish Christmas gift-giver, distributing houses, cars, a house trailer and trips to his parents, wife, ex-wives, in-laws and children. But he sees few of them regularly—except for Lynda, who travels almost everywhere with him and sometimes serves as his personal secretary.

There is, however, one other group of people that he is close to, at least for the run of their cases: his clients. "He gets too close to his clients," complains a colleague. There is a big-brother tone of genuine concern when he talks about the infamous men he has defended. On the other hand, once a trial is over, Bailey is characteristically the first man out of the courtroom.

"What makes me run?" Bailey has written. "I burn, dammit, that's why. I like to run." It is the same with flying. Bailey almost never delays a flight in his own aircraft. "It goes no matter what," and the "what" may be rain, snow, ice, fog, turbulence, thunderstorm or some combination thereof. One white-knuckled regular on these flights reports that Bailey invariably ends the harshest trips by chortling: "Well, we've defeated the grim reaper once again."

It is that intense drive that stirs the most important and complex question about Bailey. Does his kind of all-out advocacy represent a strength or a weakness in the U.S. judicial system? Bailey has no betters at his specialty of defending those accused of heinous crime; perhaps he has no equals. But there are now many more lawyers in the criminal field than ever before because of Supreme Court decisions that dramatically expanded the right to counsel. And, taking advantage of the expanded rights of defendants, the criminal lawyers are swamping courts with every motion and maneuver conceivable—thereby increasing already heavy administrative pressures to plea bargain.

To many, change seems inevitable. Columbia Law Professor Abraham Sofaer believes that the increase of plea bargaining, no-fault insurance, smaller juries and nonunanimous verdicts are all signs of an erosion of "classical notions of Anglo-Saxon justice." Chief Justice Warren Burger seeks higher educational and other standards for those admitted to the trial bar in the hope of eliminating frivolous, time-consuming contentions. New York Federal Judge Marvin E. Frankel points to a much deeper problem in the procedural games that adversary attorneys play. Because they often use the rules to trample the truth, Frankel has gently proposed thinking about such startling changes as requiring attorneys to disclose anything they learn from a client that clearly bears on his guilt, encouraging judges to call their own witnesses and requiring the defendant to



BAILEY & THIRD WIFE LYNDA IN SAN FRANCISCO
She was reading a paperback novel.

face a judge's questions in front of the jury—which could then draw conclusions if he exercised his Fifth Amendment privilege to remain silent.

Frankel has an ally, in spirit at least, in none other than F. Lee Bailey. While he might not endorse all of the specific Frankel propositions, Bailey is a longtime critic of the system he knows how to use so well. "We've got to start putting the emphasis on justice rather than game-playing," he says. One pet Bailey prescription is the use of a lie detector on anyone vital to a trial. Courts continue to be reluctant right up to and including the Hearst trial to admit polygraph results as evidence, because they believe their reliability has not been proved. But, Bailey says, police already commonly use polygraphs in their investigations and "will almost never prosecute a man cleared by their own test. And in the military, the polygraph is considered conclusive." Bailey believes that the real judicial resistance to the polygraph is an instinctive fear of trial by machine, which would also change much of the established ways of proceeding.

Such far-reaching changes are not going to happen in time to affect the present task in hand for Bailey—unless he manages to win the admission of Patty's polygraph results despite prosecution objections. For the most part, though, Bailey will have to go with and at the system as it is. Whatever his critics' or opponents' reactions may be, Bailey is sure to enjoy himself. He always does. Last week as the men and women of the jury first took their seats, Bailey's large, seamed face eased into a grin. He was home again, back on center stage to do what he does best. He was ready to pounce, to soothe, to explain, to cajole, to denounce, to plan, to think. Ready to fly.

PROSECUTOR BROWNING

BAILEY PREPARING HEARST CASE WITH JOHNSON (RIGHT CENTER) AND OTHERS FROM DEFENSE TEAM



The Sins of Billy James

Dear Friend,

After years of shock and sorrow over the decline of morals and decency in our country, I thought I had become shock-proof. Can you believe it complete color films of sexual acts between women and men, including homosexual acts, using your children. Unless you and I act today... our children and our children's children will be exposed to perversion so sinister that good will become evil and evil will become good.

That fund-raising appeal, mailed out last month from Tulsa's Crusade for Christian Morality, bears the unmistakable stamp of its author, the Rev. Billy



HARGIS WITH CRUSADER STATUETTE (1964)
"More than my share of mistakes."

James Hargis. An ultra-right Fundamentalist, Hargis, 50, has long denounced sexual sin and spoken out as a defender of traditional virtues in an increasingly lax society. In 1968, his organization published the bestseller (250,000 copies) *Is the School House the Proper Place to Teach Raw Sex?*

Today, however, Hargis stands accused by former colleagues of committing some of the very sins he has railed against. TIME Correspondent Anne Constable and Reporters Richard Walker and Tom Carter have learned that five students—four of them men—at his American Christian College in Tulsa have come forward and said that President Hargis has had sexual relations with them. Asked about the charge,

Hargis declined to give any specific reply. Through a lawyer, he stated: "I have made more than my share of mistakes. I'm not proud of them. Even the Apostle Paul said, 'Christ died to save sinners, of whom I am chief.' Long ago, I made my peace with God, and my ministry continues."

That ministry centers on the Christian Crusade, which was founded by Hargis in 1950 to promote far-right political and religious causes, and includes radio and TV programs and the *Christian Crusade Weekly*. Hargis rallies have featured such notables as former Major General Edwin Walker and Governor George Wallace. Though originally ordained in the Disciples of Christ, Hargis in 1966 organized his own independent Tulsa congregation, The Church of the Christian Crusade. It provided tax deductibility for Hargis contributors after the vocal Christian Crusade lost its tax exemption. Four years later, Hargis founded American Christian College to teach "anti-Communist patriotic Americanism."

Broken Man. It was at the college that Hargis' sexual troubles surfaced in October 1974, when the first of the five students confessed to then Vice President David Noelbel. Noelbel's account. Not long before, Hargis had conducted a wedding for the student; on the honeymoon, the groom and his bride discovered that both of them had slept with Hargis. Later, Noelbel says, three more male students told him of having had sexual relations with Hargis over a period of three years. They said the trysts had taken place in Hargis' office, at his farm in the Ozarks, even during his tours with the college choir, the "All-American Kids." Noelbel was told that Hargis justified his homosexual acts by citing the Old Testament friendship between David and Jonathan and threatened to blacklist the youths for life if they talked.

Noelbel, a Hargis aide for twelve years, described how he felt when he first heard the students' accounts: "For two weeks, I couldn't sleep. I knew we had to get Hargis off campus or we were going to lose the whole school." Finally, on Oct. 25, 1974, Noelbel and two other college officials confronted Hargis and two of his lawyers. According to two of those present, Hargis, who has a wife, three daughters and a son, admitted his guilt and blamed his behavior on "genes and chromosomes."

Two days later, Hargis preached a farewell sermon to his Tulsa congregation, then turned the presidency of the college over to Noelbel. But Hargis stayed around the campus for weeks before he officially severed ties with the Christian Crusade and allied groups. His resignation came only after the Hargis organizations had agreed to cash in their

\$72,000 life insurance policy on Hargis and give him the money, and had guaranteed him a \$24,000 annual stipend. Meanwhile, Hargis announced that he was returning to his Ozarks farm because of ill health.

By February 1975 Hargis felt energetic enough to try to regain control of the college, but the board backed Noelbel. Deprived of Hargis' name and his astounding money-raising talents, however, his former operations soon found themselves strapped for cash, and in September all but the college accepted Hargis' offer to return. The decision was risky, says Loyalist Jess Pedigo, president of Hargis' David Livingstone Missionary Foundation. "We thought his coming back might have been premature, but he was a broken man. He was truly repentant, and we urged him to forget the past. 'Let he who is without sin cast the first stone.'" Perhaps more to the point, adds Pedigo, "There was a danger of bankruptcy."

So Hargis announced that he was "led of the Lord to come back to Tulsa." Since then he has been flamboyantly establishing a new base. He has bought a six-story building for his downtown headquarters, though the city has refused him permission to put his name atop it in lights 85 ft. long. And he signed up Anti-Communist Dan Lyons, who left the Jesuit priesthood to get married (TIME, Sept. 29), to edit the weekly newspaper, which again is lavishing coverage on such events as Hargis' "hero's welcome" in South Korea.

The American Christian College, however, has not forgiven Hargis. It took months for Hargis to transfer to the college the deed to the modernistic church building and the 8½-acre campus. Without it, the school had no hope of getting regional accreditation. Worse, Hargis has given the college only limited access to the names on the fund-raising list that all the Hargis organizations formerly shared. Says Noelbel: "He's been telling everyone we are going to sink. Well, obviously we will sink as long as he holds the mailing list." Some 70% of the school's income comes from contributions. Enrollment has dropped from 228 to 160, and since word of the scandal spread to parents one teacher has talked 25 of them into letting their children stay enrolled.

The remaining collegians are perplexed, but most back Noelbel, even though they once idolized Hargis. The five students who originally accused Hargis have left town to make new lives for themselves. As for their parents, one father, who reports that his son's three-year involvement with Hargis began at age 15 or 16, wept as he said, "I will forgive him his sins because God's Word tells me what I must do, but I will never forget his acts against my son."

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7:45am	1:10pm	Non-stop	ExSat Sun	1:24pm	9:07am	Non-stop	Daily
7:45am	1:10pm	Non-stop	Daily	1:24pm	12:25pm	Non-stop	ExSat
8:45am	1:16pm	Non-stop	Daily	1:24pm	11:34am	Non-stop	Daily
9:45am	1:12pm	Non-stop	ExSat	1:24pm	11:40pm	Non-stop	Daily
10:45am	1:14pm	Non-stop	Daily	1:24pm	1:00pm	Non-stop	Daily
11:45am	1:15pm	Non-stop	ExSat Sun	1:24pm	1:04pm	Non-stop	ExSat Sun
12:45pm	1:12pm	Non-stop	Daily	1:24pm	2:01pm	Non-stop	Daily
1:45pm	4:11pm	Non-stop	Daily	1:24pm	3:05pm	Non-stop	ExSat
1:45pm	4:11pm	Non-stop	Daily	1:24pm	4:13pm	Non-stop	Daily
2:45pm	5:04pm	Non-stop	Daily	1:45pm	5:14pm	Non-stop	Daily
2:45pm	5:36pm	Non-stop	ExSat	1:45pm	6:13pm	Non-stop	ExSat
3:45pm	6:19pm	Non-stop	Daily	1:45pm	7:10pm	Non-stop	ExSat
3:45pm	6:40pm	Non-stop	Daily	1:45pm	7:16pm	Non-stop	Daily
4:45pm	7:19pm	Non-stop	ExSat	1:45pm	7:28pm	Non-stop	Daily
4:45pm	7:41pm	Non-stop	ExSat	1:45pm	8:12pm	Non-stop	ExSat
5:45pm	8:41pm	Non-stop	Daily	1:45pm	9:09pm	Non-stop	Daily
6:45pm	9:37pm	Non-stop	ExSat	1:45pm	9:13pm	Non-stop	Daily

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SOCIAL SECURITY

No Bankruptcy—But a Need for Money

Nearly four decades of half-truths have finally caught up with Social Security. The system is as sound today as it has ever been, but Social Security Administration officials are trying to convince a suddenly skeptical public that the program is not on the edge of bankruptcy. They are having a hard time because for so many years boosters pretended that Social Security is an insurance plan.

The immediate source of concern is the Social Security trust fund, which in the popular mind has become analogous to the reserves insurance companies set aside to make sure that they can pay claims in the future. The Social Security trust fund now stands at \$44 billion, but last year it dropped by \$1.8 billion as Social Security tax collections fell behind benefits paid out. This year benefit payments of \$78.2 billion are expected to run \$4.4 billion ahead of income, pulling the trust fund down to less than \$40 billion. By 1981, according to projections in the President's budget, the fund will be depleted to \$23.4 billion. Many of the 32 million people who get Social Security checks—15% of the entire U.S. population—are afraid that the fund will become exhausted and their benefits at some future date stopped.

Supporting Strength. There is no such danger; the system is exactly as sound as the U.S. Government itself. Its ability to keep the benefit checks flowing rests not on the amount of money in the trust fund, but on the Government's unquestioned power to collect taxes—and on Social Security's overwhelming political support among the people who pay those taxes. The system does need more money, from somewhere. But no lucid analysis of its requirements is possible so long as the idea that Social Security is insurance, rather than a federal tax, dominates debate.

Under a straight insurance plan, an individual pays premiums and gets in return a policy promising to pay a certain sum to his heirs if he dies early, or to himself if he lives long enough to retire. The payments are determined strictly by the size of the premiums paid. The original Social Security Act of 1935 set up the system in much the same way: workers would pay taxes that would be a kind of premium and "earn" the right to receive benefits when they retired.

But in 1939, before the first benefits were paid,* Congress amended the act to base payments partly on need—a concept foreign to true insurance. Low-income

workers get retirement benefits that replace a larger proportion of their former earnings than the benefits of high-income workers do. A retired worker with dependents collects more than one without, even if both have paid exactly the same amount of taxes into the system, and there is a minimum level of benefits available to someone who has paid very, very little.

As a result, Social Security has become not insurance, but what economists call an "intergenerational transfer

would ever be. Today the system pays more in benefits to some people in a single year than they have contributed in taxes through their entire working careers. Also, in the '50s and '60s, the Government expanded the system so much that the only major group of employees not covered now are those who work for the Federal Government and some state and local government workers. Congress has never seen fit to include them, and they now have their own, separate pension plan. Benefit levels have



CROWDS WAITING TO CASH BENEFIT CHECKS AT A NEW YORK BANK

The question is how much the people will pay for what level of benefits.

program." Today's workers pay taxes to support yesterday's workers who are retired or disabled. In turn, today's workers must rely on the willingness of their children's and grandchildren's generations to continue to make this sort of transfer. Thus the trust fund is not, never has been, and never can be large enough to meet all potential claims on the system: that would require several trillion dollars. Its true purpose is to provide a cushion out of which benefits can be paid while Government officials decide how to meet financial needs.

Those needs are enormous—because Social Security has become far more generous than any private insurer

been greatly increased, and a 1972 law tied them to movements in the consumer price index so that they are automatically lifted every year by inflation. Among other things, Social Security pays the Medicare hospitalization benefits of the elderly and picks up bills for kidney dialysis treatments for patients of all ages.

But Social Security is still financed as if it were insurance. Virtually no general tax revenues, such as those raised by individual and corporate income taxes, go into the system. It relies almost exclusively on a special payroll tax levied equally on employer and employee: currently each pays 5.85% of a worker's

*Congress decided that taxes had to be collected for several years before any benefits could be paid.

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

earnings up to \$15,300 a year. The tax has risen sharply. As recently as 1965, the maximum Social Security tax that any worker paid was \$174 a year; now it is \$895.05. The tax has become a major burden on many low-income workers: an employee earning \$7,999 a year may well pay more in Social Security taxes (\$467.94) than he does in income taxes (\$463). Still, that is not enough to cover the greatly expanded benefits.

Boost Proposed. What to do? President Ford proposes raising the payroll tax to 6.15% on employer and employee alike, beginning in 1977. That would cost someone making \$10,000 a year an additional \$30. By Ford's calculations, the boost would increase tax collections above anticipated benefit payouts, so that the trust fund would swell to \$65 billion by 1981.

Critics in and out of Congress doubt that that is the best way to cover benefits. The payroll tax is regressive; it takes a bigger bite out of the wages of a low-income worker, relative to his ability to pay, than out of the earnings of a

high-salaried employee. There are no deductions: anyone earning more than \$50 in a quarter pays 5.85% a period.

Also, an increase in the tax would be inflationary, because it would add directly to employers' costs: a company would have to send more of its own money to Washington for every worker on its payroll. An increase in the income tax does not have the same effect. Arthur Okun, a member of TIME's Board of Economists, calls Ford's proposal "a perverse fiscal policy of the worst sort."

Explaining Ford's proposal to a House Social Security subcommittee last week, David Mathews, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, ran into similar flak. Asked Representative Abner Mikva, an Illinois Democrat: "How do you explain to a factory worker that money withheld from his paycheck, over which he has absolutely no control, is not a tax?" Mikva says that the time has finally arrived "to blow the whistle" on the ideas that Social Security is an insurance program and that the payroll tax is somehow different from other taxes.



F.D.R. SIGNING ORIGINAL ACT IN 1935

cept that a person working is paying for his or her retirement." Social Security Commissioner James Cardwell fears that reliance on general revenues instead of payroll taxes would be "an open invitation to enlarge the program." As the financial burden of a larger program began to pinch, Cardwell believes, the idea of an "earned right" to benefits would be dropped.

The Burke subcommittee, disliking Ford's plan and knowing that an alternative is unlikely to pass, may well report no bill at all this year. That would leave even Social Security's short-term financing problems unsolved. Longer-term difficulties are approaching too, mostly because of demographic trends. After approximately the year 2005, when large numbers of people born during the post-World War II baby boom begin retiring, there will be a rapid increase in the number of individuals receiving benefits relative to the number of people working. Between 2005 and 2035, the combined payroll tax on employer and employee would have to rise from about 12% of covered earnings to more than 16% of covered earnings, according to the Social Security advisory council. Should birth rates turn upward again, this long-range financing problem would be smaller. But if they decline or turn up less than the council assumed in making its projections, the problem would be worse.

Expensive Question. None of the system's difficulties are likely to be resolved as long as the idea that Social Security is insurance persists. The system is largely a tax-financed welfare program—worthwhile and indeed essential, but very expensive. The question, as Cardwell puts it, is: "How much are the American people willing to pay for what level of benefits?" That is a question that the nation must face up to—and soon.



COUPLE LIVING ON SOCIAL SECURITY IN NEW JERSEY; SHE IS 74, HE 84

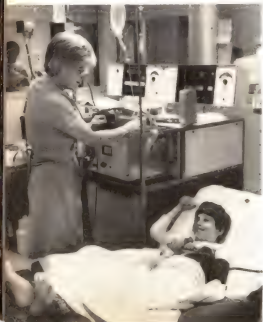


The Democratic majority on the subcommittee plans to weigh Ford's proposal against other alternatives. Two major ones:

1) Raise the wage base on which taxes are levied, perhaps to \$25,000 in 1977. That would make the tax less regressive by hitting higher-paid workers more heavily.

2) Finance benefits partly out of general tax revenues. A Social Security advisory council recommended last year that Medicare hospitalization benefits be paid out of general funds.

The subcommittee chairman, Representative James Burke of Massachusetts, has lined up more than 100 co-sponsors for a bill that would raise the wage base, use general revenue money, and cut the payroll tax rate from the present 5.85% to 3.9%. But he faces stiff opposition. President Ford at his budget briefing argued that with any use of general revenues to finance Social Security, "you are in effect losing the con-



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THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME
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OUTLOOK

The Political Economy of '76

Not since the mid-1930s have economic issues seemed likely to play as large a role in a presidential election as this year. Although the nation is recovering from its deepest postwar recession, unemployment, inflation and the role of the Federal Government in the economy are among the most important concerns of candidates, voters—and the nine members of TIME's Board of Economists, who gathered in Manhattan last week for their first session of the new year. Their discussion previewed the debate that will resound throughout the primaries and the fall campaign.

The general mood was one of cautious optimism for the rest of 1976—but deep worry, at least among the liberals, about 1977. So far, the economists agree, the recovery is proceeding right in line with their forecasts (TIME, Dec. 22).

RALPH MORSE



• *This budget is unreal. I don't know of a single forecaster who is taking it seriously.* •

OTTO ECKSTEIN

which call for a rise of about 6% in real gross national product this year and a decline in unemployment to somewhere between 7% and 7.5% by year's end. Last week the Department of Labor reported that the jobless rate dropped from 8.3% in December to 7.8% in January. That was the steepest monthly decline in more than 16 years, and especially welcome because the fact that the unemployment rate had stuck at 8.3% for two months had stirred worry that recovery was not progressing fast enough.

Democrats among the economists, however, fear that the recovery could be aborted next year if Congress goes along with many of President Ford's budget proposals. The budget projects Government spending in the fiscal year beginning in October at \$394 billion, or \$28 billion less than would be expected if all present programs were allowed to grow at their normal rate. In the liberals' view, that imposes far too much fiscal restraint on a still modest economic upswing.

"The budget jeopardizes the vitality

and duration of the recovery," says Arthur Okun, a senior fellow of the Brookings Institution. University of Minnesota Professor Walter Heller adds: "To hit the brakes when unemployment and economic slack are still legion and inflation is ebbing would be fiscally irresponsible."

Otto Eckstein, head of Data Resources Inc., a private forecasting firm, observes that the budget assumes the recovery will be kept going in 1977 by a bigger and faster surge in private demand, and particularly in business spending for new plant and equipment, than he believes will occur. David Grove, a nonpartisan vice president of IBM, agrees: "For the past two or three years, the economic and political situation has been so unstable that it is very hard for business firms to determine what degree of risk is prudent in any investment project." If the Ford budget is adopted, he predicts, real G.N.P. will rise only 4% next year, v. the 5.7% growth forecast by the Administration, and the jobless rate will average 7.5% rather than the 6.9% that Ford's economists expect. By the end of 1977, Grove fears, the real growth rate would be down to a sluggish 3% to 3.5%.

Restraint v. Inflation. Actually, the liberals are confident that Congress will raise expenditures well above the Ford proposals. "This budget is unreal," says Eckstein. "I don't know of a single forecaster who is taking it seriously."

Republicans Beryl Sprinkel, an executive vice president of Chicago's Harris Trust & Savings Bank, and Murray Weidenbaum, professor at Washington University in St. Louis, defend the budget. They think that if there is sufficient monetary growth, the private demand will rise enough to keep recovery going. They view some fiscal restraint as necessary to hold inflation in check. More important, they insist that spending must be held down to shrink the role of



• *Let the American public spend more of their money and not have it funneled toward Washington.* •

BERYL SPRINKEL

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

the Federal Government in the nation's economic life. Sounding what seems sure to be a major Republican campaign theme, Sprinkel asserts: "There seems to be in the country a desire to let the American public spend more of their money and not have it funneled toward Washington. If we are going to grow in the future the way we want to grow, both in terms of creating jobs for people and



• *It is very hard for business firms to determine what degree of risk is prudent.* •

DAVID GROVE

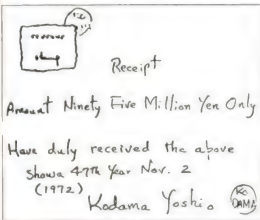
at the same time solving pollution problems and investing more in energy, we must make savings available to the private sector."

Aside from the budget, the economists' main concern is the money policy of the Federal Reserve Board and its crusty chairman, Arthur Burns. The Board has not been increasing the nation's money supply as rapidly as called for by its own target of 5% to 7.5% annual growth, and last week Burns lowered the target: he announced that the Federal Reserve would now aim for a 4.5% to 7.5% increase. On the issue of monetary expansion, the Board of Economists divided along highly uncharacteristic lines. Sprinkel, usually a vigorous defender of Burns, is so worried by the Federal Reserve Board's parsimony that he has reduced his forecast of real G.N.P. growth in 1976 from 6% to 5%. Okun and Heller, frequently vehement critics of Burns, defend him this time—as long as he keeps interest rates down. In their view, the Federal Reserve should concentrate on interest rates, rather than giving primary attention to money supply.

On an apolitical topic, most board members are confident that the stock market will continue to rise. After January's record gain, they do expect some pause in momentum—and indeed the Dow Jones industrial average dropped 20 points last week, its first substantial decline of the new year. But none of the economists seem to question the market's ability to break its old high of 1052 some time this year. Main reason: corporate profits are zooming back from the recession; they are expected to jump 25% this year to an alltime high.



YOSHIO KODAMA (IN 1962) & COMPANY RECORD OF RECEIPT FROM HIM



SCANDALS

Lockheed's Kuro Maku

Shed your blood for the state, shed tears for your friends, and sweat for your family.

—Yoshio Kodama

A powerful yet shadowy Japanese ultranationalist, Kodama also shed much sweat for Lockheed Aircraft Corp. Last week it was disclosed that for many years he was Lockheed's secret agent in Japan, collecting more than \$7 million since 1960 to help the firm sell airplanes. An enormously wealthy man (worth an estimated \$1 billion), with no readily identifiable occupation, Kodama helped to found Japan's ruling party, assisted in the naming of Prime Ministers, and presumably used his connections on Lockheed's behalf. His unmasking as a paid Lockheed operative was the highlight of a week of corporate scandals, the others involved entertainment of Defense Department officials at hunting lodges by military contractors and a Christmas vacation for Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz paid by the Southern Railway.

Wide Pattern. Lockheed has admitted paying out \$22 million abroad over the years to increase sales of its military aircraft, but has refused to name the recipients. The company did not itself name Kodama, but documents from Arthur Young & Co., Lockheed's auditors, fell into the hands of a Senate subcommittee investigating multinational corporations, and the subcommittee made them public. They revealed not only the Kodama connection but also a pervasive pattern of corporate influence buying: payments to Italian politicians, "gifts" to Turkish officials, and the purchase of industrial secrets.

Among the extraordinary documents are signed receipts for Lockheed cash. One, from Hiroshi Itoh, an executive of Marubeni Corp., a trading company that acts as agent for Lockheed, reads, "I received one hundred peanuts"—meaning 100 million yen, or \$333,000. Carl Ketchian, Lockheed president, told

the Senate subcommittee that that and other payments were passed on to Japanese government officials, with his "knowledge and concurrence," because Marubeni people told him it was the only way to sell planes.

Four other documents are English translations of receipts signed by Kodama (in Japanese fashion, with surname first) for payments totaling \$2 million. They are dated November 1972—the same month that All Nippon Airways agreed to buy \$130 million worth of Lockheed's TriStar jetliners, in a deal that was regarded as crucial to the company's survival.

Powerful Friend. That was not the first big deal that coincided with payments to Kodama. He began receiving Lockheed money in 1960 (some was eventually sent to him in yen-filled packing crates, some in checks made out to "bearer"). That year the government bought Lockheed's F-104 Starfighters—although it had seemed certain rival Grumman would get the order. No connection was ever established; however Kodama's longtime friend Nobusuke Kishi was Premier of Japan at the time.

Kodama, who turns 65 next week and whose origins in northern Japan are obscure, first burst upon the public consciousness as a prewar activist in right-wing causes. He has been jailed three times for a total of seven years. He was imprisoned by the Japanese for involvement in the 1936 assassination of former Premier Makoto Saito and again by the Americans as a Class-A war-crimes suspect (he was later released without trial). He became wealthy during World War II by supplying the Japanese navy and, by his account, "bringing home truckloads of diamonds and platinum" from territories occupied by Japan. After the war, he emerged from Sugamo prison as a *kuro maku*, or "black curtain," a term taken from the Kabuki theater that has come to mean many things rolled into one: kingmaker, underworld godfather and secretive political manipulator.

Kodama has financed adamantly conservative causes and postwar politicians. He is also reputed to have a grip

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

on the *yakuza*, the Japanese equivalent of the Mafia, politicians have been known to wince at the mention of his name. Idaho Democrat Frank Church, chairman of the Senate subcommittee, charged last week that Kodama is "a prominent leader of the ultra-right-wing militarist political faction in Japan. We have had a foreign policy of the United States Government which has vigorously opposed this political line in Japan and a Lockheed foreign policy which has helped keep it alive."

In Japan, the disclosures aroused howls of "*Kuroi kiriri*" (black mist or political corruption). In the U.S., a kind of black mist has been swirling around corporate-government connections too, and it got denser last week. Deputy Defense Secretary William P. Clements Jr. told a joint House-Senate committee that Northrop has paid back to the Air Force \$564,013 for "improper costs" on contracts—apparently representing political contributions for which Northrop had quietly charged the Pentagon. But Clements was embarrassed by the subcommittee's disclosure of the names of 55 more Pentagon personnel who had been guests of military contractors on duck and geese hunts in Maryland.

Meanwhile, Southern Railway conceded that it had paid for a Christmas visit by Agriculture Secretary Butz to the railroad's private resort near Charleston, S.C.—even though the Agriculture Department has filed petitions with the Interstate Commerce Commission protesting rate increases by Southern on farm products. Butz told the Associated Press that he had done nothing wrong, said he would repay part of the cost himself and defiantly added that, if asked, he would visit the resort again next Christmas.

MERGERS

A Whopper—I

One classic response by a company facing an unwelcome takeover bid is to try to sell itself to another firm. Anaconda Co. did just that—for understandable reasons—after New York's Crane Co. came calling last year. Anaconda is in the red, and Crane Chairman Thomas M. Evans is known for his ruthless sacking of money-losing managers. Last



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ECONOMY & BUSINESS

week Anaconda found a giant protector: it and Houston-based Tenneco Inc. announced plans for what would be one of the biggest mergers ever in terms of total revenues—if it can be brought off over Evans' opposition.

The merger would unite companies with annual sales of \$6.7 billion. Tenneco, whose profits rose to a record \$342.9 million on \$5.6 billion in sales last year, is a natural-resources and gas-pipeline firm, with interests ranging from chemicals to shipbuilding. Anaconda mines and processes copper, aluminum and other metals and manufactures a wide range of industrial materials. Recently the firm has been buffeted by reverses, including the 1971 expropriation of its huge Chilean copper holdings, falling copper prices and a slump in demand for Anaconda's products. Result: a \$39.8 million loss in 1975 on revenues of \$1.09 billion.

Two Bids for One. Spotting a company that seemed ripe for takeover, Crane, which produces steel, valves and aerospace equipment and has sales of more than \$1 billion a year, made its bid last fall. It offered a debenture with a market value of \$17.58 paying 8% interest for each of 5 million Anaconda shares, or 23% of the total. Tenneco proposes to take all Anaconda stock in exchange for a new issue of Tenneco preferred, convertible into common. The terms work out to stock worth about \$22 for each Anaconda share; Anaconda closed last week at \$19.75.

The catch is that the deal needs approval by holders of two-thirds of Anaconda's stock—and Crane already has gathered in 18% of the shares, or more than half the amount needed to block the merger. Evans, a master of the takeover game, is no man to back away from a fight. "He loves a contest, thrives on it," says a onetime associate. "He's an asset player—buys them cheap." Predictably, Evans declared last week that he would vote Crane's shares against the Tenneco merger.

Analysts felt both the Crane and Tenneco offers too low. Many consider Anaconda a company with potential for a strong comeback. Copper prices are expected to rise because shipments from Africa are being disrupted by the Angolan civil war. The company will probably be acquired by somebody, but it may be neither Crane nor Tenneco.

FOOD

The Formula Flap

Rightly or wrongly, multinational corporations have been accused of a multitude of sins: bribery, tax evasion, reaping outlandish profits, seeking to overthrow governments. Lately the list has grown to include a truly ghastly accusation. Nestlé Alimentana of Vevey, Switzerland, the mammoth (1974 sales: \$5.6 billion) and venerable food com-



Breast feed baby

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What is corporate responsibility in selling to the uneducated?

pany, is being charged by activists with responsibility for mass deaths of babies.

Nestlé is a leading producer of powdered formulas for infant milk sold in less developed nations, where many mothers are uneducated and illiterate. Too often these women either prepare formulas in an unsanitary fashion or dilute them excessively in order to economize. In the first case, babies develop digestive disorders that can lead to malnutrition; in the second, they become malnourished directly. Either way, the malnutrition can cause death.

Breast v. Bottle. Two years ago, a British journalist named Mike Muller first suggested publicly that powdered-formula manufacturers contributed to the death of Third World infants by hard-selling their products to people incapable of using them properly. In a 28-page pamphlet, Muller accused the industry of encouraging mothers to give up breast feeding, but added the qualification that other factors, such as working at a job, influence women to switch to bottle feeding.

In May 1974 the Bern-based Third World Working Group (which lobbies in Switzerland for support of less developed countries) published Muller's report—with a few changes. Muller had criticized the industry as a whole, but the Bern activists titled their pamphlet *Nestlé Kills Babies*. They also omitted some of Muller's qualifying remarks and included a preface that singled out Nestlé for an accusation of "unethical and immoral" behavior. Nestlé sued for libel, and the trial began last November in Bern. The controversy has stimulated great interest throughout Switzerland, 80,000 of whose 6½ million inhabitants are Nestlé shareholders.

Both sides are passionate about the case. Says Hans Schmocker, 35, a Presbyterian minister who is a member of the Third World group: "Nestlé has known about this problem for 30 years and has done little about it." The pow-

dered formulas, he adds, "should be provided in pharmacies or through doctors. They should not be advertised on the radio in native languages, such as Swahili, which are understood by illiterates." Counters Nestlé Managing Director Arthur Flürer: "No one has yet hit on the idea of demanding that wine be sold through doctors or pharmacies because hundreds of thousands of people get drunk on it and sometimes cause fatal accidents." Nestlé officials insist that their advertising has always stressed, as one billboard in Nigeria puts it, that **BREAST MILK IS BEST**. Often, however, mothers themselves are undernourished and must supplement their own milk with formula. Nestlé was also a principal architect of an ethical code recently adopted by nine infant-food producers. The code requires that promotional materials in the Third World adequately educate illiterate consumers.

Last week, after two months of recess, proceedings in the libel trial resumed as the Third World Working Group furnished the court with documents supporting its claim. The judge has yet to decide whether to call more witnesses, but both litigants have assembled camps of sympathetic experts.

Growing Pains. If Nestlé loses, its image will be sullied but it will be under no legal obligation to change its business operations. If Nestlé wins, the Third World group will probably have to pay a token fine or issue a public apology. Whatever the outcome, no definitive conclusions—either about the causes of death of Third World babies or about the limits of corporate responsibility—are likely to come out of the trial. The episode does bring to light a genuine problem faced by nations undergoing the growing pains of industrialization. Yet it is worth noting that in none of the 100 or so developing nations in which Nestlé sells its milk formula has there been any echo of the protests in Bern.

The Irresistible Force and the Immutable Object

Be warned. "She's like 25 men," says her frequent leading lady, Mariangela Melato. "I've never seen so monstrous a vitality. When you work with Lina, you can forget you have personal problems, emotional states, responsibilities. You dedicate yourself entirely."

"We are two volcanoes," says Giancarlo Giannini, star of *Seven Beauties* (TIME, Jan. 26). "In terms of my work, she is the woman of my life. We are the same. Indefatigable. Slightly crazy. We exist for each other." Director Lina

Wertmüller's work is audacious, abrasive, full of wild, coarse humor and high feeling. Unlike Bertolucci she is not a cinematic visionary. Her roots are more traditional. In *Love and Anarchy*, Wertmüller considered the short-fused political passion of a peasant (played by Giannini) who had come to Rome to assassinate Mussolini. In *The Seduction of Mimi*, she observed how a laborer (Giannini again) allowed his socialist politics to be bought off by employers and mobsters. *Swept Away* concerned a

helplessly aggressive sailor (yes, Giannini) shipwrecked on a desert island with a wealthy woman (Melato). The sailor abuses the woman, enacting sexual and emotional revenge for the humiliations visited by her social class on his and, inevitably, falls in love with her at the same time. Wertmüller's movies are about states of passion and the ways they change—and often corrupt—political allegiances and spiritual commitments.

At home in Italy, these movies and Wertmüller's others—there are ten in all—are spoken of with respect if not excitement. In France, they are mostly unseen. In England, those who know her work at all speak of it with indifference or hostility. "She is largely a New York phenomenon," shrugs *Guardian* Critic Richard Roud.

"She is a female misogynist masquerading as a political crusader," complains London Critic Alexander Walker, unfurling a battle flag that attracts many allies in America. Feminist Author Ellen Willis complains about the "perverse symbolism" in last year's *Swept Away*, claiming Wertmüller "panders to two classic male-supremacist

Mimi and *All Screwed Up* found their way to theaters and attracted a tenacious following. It all may have to do with the brashness and ambition of Wertmüller's work, the interdependence of its energy and coarseness. Her movies stand in brazen contrast to the homogenized complacency of most Hollywood films. *Seven Beauties* has pulled down more than \$100,000 at the New York box office in less than two weeks. If it does as well in subsequent releases—it is scheduled to open in Boston, San Francisco and Los Angeles on March 10, and in approximately 40 additional cities by the end of April—it will be not only one of the most popular foreign films since *Last Tango in Paris*, but a healthy hit even by Hollywood standards.

All her recent films except *All Screwed Up* have been made with Giancarlo Giannini. His presence galvanizes her movies. His racked, searching eyes haunt them. "Those eyes are extraordinary," Wertmüller told TIME Correspondent Leo Janos. "They seem to contain an independent life force—as if they could scream, curse, plead, argue and make love." Giannini, like Vittorio Gassman and Marcello Mastroianni before him, fulfills the perennial audience yearning for a romantic image and the abiding need for an adroit actor of humor and mercurial sensibility.

Beautiful Dialogue. For Wertmüller, however, Giannini is not just a star. He is a collaborator and confidant. Actor and director thrashed out the script for *Seven Beauties* just the way they worked on *Love and Anarchy* and *The Seduction of Mimi*. In stormy, all-night sessions joined by Wertmüller's husband, Artist-Sculptor Enrico Job. Then Wertmüller sits down at the typewriter and, she says, "writes so fast—rrrrrrrr—that I sound like Gene Krupa." According to Giannini, the scripts that result have the heft of a telephone book. And there are two of them. One version contains extensive dialogue scenes, the other no dialogue at all, representing Wertmüller's attempts to battle her early experience as a playwright and rely more on images. She will actually film two versions of all major scenes, one with talk, one without. "One of the most difficult decisions I've ever had to make was the courtroom scene in *Seven Beauties*. Between Pasqualino and the girl he eventually marries I had beautiful dialogue! Beautiful! But in the end I knew they had said everything just by looking at each other."

Wertmüller relies on Giannini as much on the set as off. They work out bits of business together, constantly confer between takes. "Lina and Giancarlo work together as if they were one be-



GIANCARLO GIANNINI & LINA WERTMÜLLER IN NEW YORK
"We are the same. Indefatigable. Slightly crazy."

Wertmüller herself offers still another characterization: "We are like two lions." Fire, force, eruptive brilliance—all fit the collaborations and the collaborators themselves.

Seven Beauties, Wertmüller's cauterizing comedy of survival and desperation during World War II, was greeted with critical bouquets and land-office business at its Manhattan opening. Critic John Simon placed the director in "the highest regions of cinematic art." Not, at least, since Bernardo Bertolucci has a European film maker been so acclaimed in the U.S.

lies that women dominate men, and that women are parasites while men do all the work." Such arguments do not go down well with the director. "Men ought to picket my films in protest," she suggests. "Think of how they are portrayed in my films: all vain, arrogant and stupid, real chauvinists who believe in the superiority of the penis."

In the best traditions of show business, such controversy has only added a certain sinister luster to a reputation that has been growing wildly since the American release, in 1974, of *Love and Anarchy*. Earlier movies like *The Seduction of*

ing," says Job, who is also his wife's art director. "The same images dance in front of their eyes. They instinctively share similar visions."

Perhaps, but temperaments are another matter altogether. Gloomy, sardonic, private, Giannini, 33, has the drawn look of a hotel night manager facing dawn without a fresh pack of cigarettes. He shrugs with practiced pessimism about his new celebrity, claims his success and his \$800,000-per-picture salary are mostly a burden. Wertmuller, appreciably his senior, nevertheless has the energy and spirit of the perennial younger sister. She dresses with the garish *esprit* of a Sunday painter going out to a sidewalk art show: loose peasant blouses, flowing patterned skirts, wide-screen, white-framed glasses, and enough rings and costume jewelry to risk an excess-baggage charge on an overseas flight. "Not long ago," recalls Flora Mastroianni, Marcello's wife and a friend from childhood, "Lina turned up wearing this enormous silver object at her waist. It turned out to be an inkwell he'd found in an antique shop and had made into a buckle."

Boiling Blood. Wertmuller hardly permits herself a solitary moment. "First thing in the morning, I pick up the phone and call my friends," she says. "I want to find out what happened during the night while I was sleeping." The ebullience of her work also helps keep her in touch with her roots, refracts and probably even colors her own personal history, which, as she tells it, sounds suspiciously like a Wertmuller scenario.

She is the product of what she calls "boiling blood." Arcangela Felice Assunta Wertmuller von Ligge was born in Rome "somewhere between 1812 and 1928. I'll never tell precisely." Her aristocratic great-great-grandfather fled Switzerland after fighting a duel over a woman and wound up in Naples. Since then, the family tree has shaken down into a sober succession of lawyers and doctors. Wertmuller likes to announce proudly: "I'm the last ballbuster left!" But she admits that some of her feistiness comes from Maria, her "vital, crazy" mother. Three years ago, at 72, in the fiftieth year of her storm-tossed marriage, Maria handed Lina's autocratic father a suitcase. "*Basta!*" she cried. "Get out and be done with it!" And she meant it.

As a schoolgirl, Wertmuller already had a wholly individual notion of protest. Refused permission to leave the room because the school superintendent was coming for inspection, little Lina waited for his arrival, stood up and relieved herself by her desk. Later, she and a friend plotted revenge on an unpopular teacher by setting him afire as he drowsed. Despite this, her father wanted Lina to become a lawyer and put up fierce resistance when she expressed wishes to take lessons in acting and directing. She graduated from drama school in Rome in 1951 and found work

in all sorts of theatrical pursuits from puppetry to stage managing to writing for radio and TV. After a decade, with the help of her old friend Flora, she met Federico Fellini, for whom she worked as an assistant on 8%. "It was one of those experiences," she says now, "that open new dimensions of life." The relationship was more inspirational and intellectual than practical. "More than anybody," says Enrico Job, "it was Giancarlo who helped Lina to launch into films, introducing her to producers, backers and so on. Without him, she would probably still be waiting for a chance."

The friendship began in 1963, when Wertmuller saw Giannini, then 20, play Puck in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The son of an electrical engineer, born near Genoa, brought up in Naples, Giannini became an actor out of sheer desperation. "I was so uncertain, so deeply involved with myself," he says. "I thought of acting only as a last chance to try to communicate outwardly." Studying to become an aeronautical engineer, Giannini was a friendless perfectionist who would often spread textbooks on the kitchen table to test their accuracy on a given point. One day when he was 15, an old man approached Giancarlo on a Naples street. He was a bookseller, a total stranger, and he told the boy about a group of students who had formed an amateur theater. "He was like a mysterious phantom messenger from a Bergman movie," Giannini says. "I'd never seen the old man before. I have not seen him since." That night, Giannini went to the theater, eventually joined the company by giving an audition reading from *Hamlet*.

By the time he and Wertmuller met, Giannini was already well on his way to becoming the brightest young stage star in Italy. In 1964 he played Romeo in Franco Zeffirelli's *Romeo and Juliet*, then David Copperfield in an ambitious twelve-part television program, roles that made him a modest and rather reluctant matinee idol. He worked with

Wertmuller for the first time in 1966 on a movie called *Rita The Mosquito*, which she directed under the name "George Brown." Two years later, Giannini starred in a Wertmuller play he had brought to Zeffirelli's attention. Zeffirelli staged it. Enrico Job did the sets and costumes. Wertmuller wound up married to the designer and working, again with Giannini, on *The Seduction of Mimi*.

Giannini still studies his parts in the same dogged way he used to crack his engineering books. "Details, details, de-



GIANNINI IN *THE SEDUCTION OF MIMI*, IN *SEVEN BEAUTIES* & *BATTLING MELATO* IN *SWEEP AWAY*



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SHOW BUSINESS

tails," he laments. "Perfection. I go too far." For *Mimi*, he spent weeks in Sicily armed with tape recorders and cameras, studying local speech and mannerisms. "Once I've formed an idea of a character," Giannini reports, "I confront him from the outside. I start with the spinal cord, which is basic to his carriage, his entire nervous system. I must decide how he stands and carries himself in the world. Next, his arms—how does he reveal himself through his arms? Then his body rhythms—slower or faster than mine? Once all this is clarified, I'm prepared to hide myself inside."

The fulfillment of concealment: an actor's safest place. Giannini knows this well, confesses that he is "most alive standing in front of the camera, hearing the film whirring through its mechanisms." In between movies he goes off on solitary searches for some other kind of fulfillment. His eight-year marriage to Actress Livia Giampaolo raises as many doubts as it solves problems: his two young sons are a puzzle as well as a joy. He has tried to paint, and had a one-man show of his abstracts in Milan that was successful. "Giancarlo," says Job, "has tried painting and come back sad. He's tried skiing and come back sad. He's tried swimming, nightclubbing, yoga and photography and come back sad. He is just sad."

The Great Prince. Currently, Giannini can also be cast down about work just completed (the starring role in the new *Luchino Visconti* film) and jobs offered, including several from Hollywood that tempt him because "my nature is to court glory or invite disaster."

His director is similarly beguiled by opportunities to work in America. Her credo that "I make films for the masses"—if not the socialist politics from which it springs—would go down just fine in Hollywood. Wertmuller is also wary, however, and knows that "this is a very, very dangerous time for me. Dealing with Hollywood studios is like being courted by a great prince. At first they're lovely, murmuring 'Oh, my sweet girl, how I adore you and want you.' I tell them, 'Bu fingo!' They don't stop. They slip to their knees before you imploringly. But you can see in the brightness of their eyes that they know they are the great prince and in the end they are going to break your ass."

While Wertmuller wrestles with contract offers—including a three-picture deal with Warner Bros.—Giannini broods about "the instinct to reject anyone who is successful—true even for those who happen to love me very much. The mask of success is a deception because behind it is hidden a very terrible face." At his bleakest moments, he swears that had he known where acting would lead him, he would have become an engineer. "Nonsense," says Lina Wertmuller. "Giancarlo was born to be an actor. He was born to work at my side. And I was born to work at his. Our fates are sealed."

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In Europe, 49 motoring journalists, representing 15 different countries, selected the new Chrysler Simca 1307-1308 as the "Car of the Year." The first time any American car manufacturer has won this award.

It's a nice way to begin 1976. And it looks like a lot of people on both sides of the Atlantic want to drive home the "Car of the Year."

That's the best news of all.



**CHRYSLER CORPORATION
HAS THE BEST OF BOTH WORLDS.**



CINEMA

Potholes

TAXI DRIVER

Directed by MARTIN SCORSESE
Screenplay by PAUL SCHRADER

There is a certain kind of urban character who, however lightly we brush against him, instantly leaks the psychopathy of everyday anguish all over us. He is a man working in a menial job that brings him into constant, envious touch with people more fortunate than he, a man enraged by the bad deal life has given him but unable to articulate that rage. Instead, he is given to fantasies ranging from the glumly sexual to the murderously violent. He is, finally, a man of muted imprecations and sudden, brooding silences; which of these moods is most alarming is hard to say.

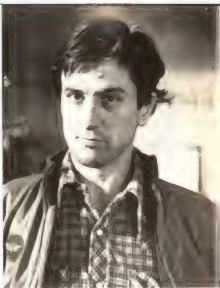
Familiar Breed. Travis, the taxi driver, is such a creature, and Robert de Niro has him down pat in a stunning, veracious performance. Director Scorsese has his environment down pat too. The garage that Travis works out of, the cafeteria where he takes his breaks, the porno theaters he haunts, the menacing avenues he cruises are rendered with thoroughly depressing realism.

Patness is the beginning, though not

the end, of *Taxi Driver's* problems. For one thing, Travis is more a case study than a character. The backgrounds against which he moves never transcend the documentary category, never fuse into an artful vision of urban hellishness. Scorsese's work may be best-of-breed, but it is a familiar breed. The movie has an air of recent discovery, of shocked innocence about the tawdry quality of city life that is gratingly naive.

The film goes most disastrously wrong when it tries to turn slice-of-life realism into full-scale melodrama. At first it is interesting, and funny, when Travis becomes obsessed with a cool socialite (Cybill Shepherd) who is a campaign worker for a too slick, too vacuous presidential candidate. Their relationship begins with his following her around at a distance, proceeds to his awkward efforts to date her, ends when he takes her to a skin flick. It makes a nice little essay in the confusions of cross-cultural courtship. However, Travis' failure as presented is more farcical than tragic, and it never adequately explains his becoming a killer. He acquires a small arsenal of guns and starts stalking his lady's candidate.

Unsurprisingly, the Secret Service proves too much for him to handle. He



ROBERT DENIRO AS THE TAXI DRIVER

Social comment does not come easy.

heads to a warehouse in order to rescue a teeny-bopper hooker (superbly played by Jodie Foster) and guns down a pimp and his friends. There is a nice irony that this outburst of extraordinarily gory violence turns an individual who was within a hair-trigger length of being a national horror into a local hero.

Yet somehow it is all too heavy with easy sociologizing to be truly moving. The taxi driver's shift from lonely neurotic to killer is yawningly predictable

Alive with pleasure! Newport

17 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. '75.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



JODIE FOSTER AS THE TEEN-AGE PROSTITUTE
On menacing avenues.

—no more informative than a Sunday supplement piece on the mind of the assassin. (Travis keeps a diary, just as Arthur Bremer did before he shot George Wallace.) What Scorsese is good at is moments—chance encounters between unlikely characters, awkward conversations between ignorant people, men and women trying, often with comic poignancy, to understand a world in which the old verities offer neither guidance nor insight. He can be an effective film

maker, given a loose, unpretentious story like *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore*, where there is less temptation to make grand statements about the modern condition. He seems to need scripts with well-designed humor and performers with the spirit of Ellen Burstyn to compensate for what seems to be a fundamentally depressed view of life and the belief that sobriety is the equivalent of seriousness.

Mean Streets first showed the conflict between Scorsese's natural gift for human observation and his attraction to social and psychological statements. Unfortunately, social comment does not come easily to him, and the strain shows. It is a conflict he can resolve only in a violence that seems forced and—coming after so much dreariness—ridiculously pyrotechnical.

Richard Schickel

Sunstroke

92 IN THE SHADE
Directed and Written by
THOMAS MCGUANE

Right at the outset, a veteran character fisherman, Nichol Dance (Warren Oates), threatens to kill his upstart competitor Tom Skelton (Peter Fonda). The remainder of *92 in the Shade* is spent waiting for this mausipicious event to occur. Neither Dance nor Skelton pays any mind to fate or fortune, an attitude that

makes for short suspense. This did not matter quite so much in Thomas McGuane's novel, which went heavy on atmosphere, but it pretty thoroughly confounds any movie adaptation, including, sad to say, the author's own.

Starving Actors. McGuane apparently hoped to bring off an antic, melancholy character study about Key West drifters and grifters. It turns out hopelessly muddled. Characters cut up, act cute, come on strong ("That's not the wind—it's souls in purgatory"), then have a good laugh on themselves. Nobody seems to have any connection to anyone else. They all stumble along in the drenching sun, not bothering about much of anything. The general drift—and one needs a memory of the novel even for this—is that a man makes his bones not by cheating death but by laughing at it. It is a wholly unworthy point to be making, which may also explain why the laughs are in such short supply.

Fonda, uncommonly relaxed, makes a good Skelton, and his frequent screen enemy Oates is properly confounding and skittish as Dance. Almost everyone else in the cast (excepting the fetching Margot Kidder) was apparently encouraged to play descending levels of hysteria. The cumulative effect is like watching the boarders scramble for their evening meal at a home for undernourished character actors.

Jay Cocks





Aluminum. Recycled cans are winning the West.

Eleven Western states have established a record for the rest of the nation to shoot for: Local communities and the aluminum recycling and beverage industries corralled an estimated 85 million pounds of used aluminum cans in 1974. Alcoa played a major role in this recycling effort.

The energy savings that result from collection are extremely rewarding. A remelted aluminum can saves 95 percent of the energy required to produce new metal from virgin ore. The used cans collected by one major brewery in Colorado currently equal almost 50 percent of its

metal requirements for new cans. The figure is over 35 percent for a Texas brewer.

Collections for recycling are expanding at an amazing rate all over the country—from 100 million cans in 1970 to over 2¼ billion in 1974. And people are collecting cans for a very good reason: Since 1970, over 30 million dollars have been paid to the collecting public, and over 6 billion aluminum cans have been collected.

The roundup has just begun.

For more information, write Aluminum Company of America, 506-P Alcoa Building, Pittsburgh, PA 15219.

The reasons for using aluminum
are found in aluminum itself.

 **ALCOA**



KATHARINE HEPBURN IN *GRAVITY*

Hepburn Sempers Kate

A MATTER OF GRAVITY
by ENID BAGNOLD

Legend has it that Sophocles wrote a play at 90 and used it as evidence to refute his son, who wished to seize the aged dramatist's estate on the ground that he was senile. Sophocles won the case. It is to be feared that if Enid Bagnold, 86, were put to the test via *A Matter of Gravity*, she would not fare quite so well. Without Katharine Hepburn's high-voltage presence, this play would have flickered out on opening night.

Hepburn plays Hepburn in the guise of Mrs. Basil, an aging aristocrat who presides over a 200-year-old country mansion with the formidable whimsicality of a genteel Catigula. While she professes a regard for tradition, she is singularly permissive about the succession of weirdos who populate the play.

Fizzed-Out Schweppigrams. Her maid Dubois (Charlotte Jones) is a lesbian built along the lines of a sumo wrestler. When Dubois is not knocking back the gin, she levitates offstage, and there is plaster in her hair to prove it. Another lesbian, Shatov (Elizabeth Laurence), arrives with her girl friend Elizabeth (Wanda Binson) in tow. Two homosexuals enlarge the circle of Mrs. Basil's ménage, and the queerest surprise of all is that, under her café-au-lait tan, Elizabeth is black, and her hand is won in interracial marriage by Mrs. Basil's beloved grandson.

The cast seems to go gaga about being on the same stage with Katharine Hepburn, and so does Hepburn. She delivers the fizzed-out Schweppigrams that pass for lines as if La Rochefoucauld had bottled them. Ask your neighborhood palmist what they, or the play, mean. As for Hepburn, she may or may not care. Give a star a star turn and *venustas omnia vincit*. **T.E. Kolem**

Venita has known a lot of suffering.



Venita is a shy little girl with big, dark eyes. You can see by her wistful expression that she has known much suffering in her short life in India.

She hardly remembers her parents. Her mother was in ill health when Venita was born. She died when Venita was only two years old.

Her father earned very little and lived in one room in a tenement in Delhi. He was unable to support and care for the frail little girl. He asked a children's Home, affiliated with the Christian Children's Fund, to take care of his daughter.

There is still a sad, haunting look that lingers in Venita's dark eyes. But she's improving. Gradually she's losing her shyness, and she smiles and plays with other children who share the same room at the Home.

Venita now has the care she needs. Her CCF sponsor here in this country is helping give her a better chance for a useful, happy life.

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You can sponsor such a child for only \$15 a month. Just fill out the coupon and send it with your first monthly check.

You will be sent the child's photograph, name and mailing address, plus a description of the project where the child receives assistance.

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☐ Choose any child who needs my help. I will pay \$15 a month. I enclose first payment of \$_____.

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Spanish Gold in England

Of course, the face is familiar. Like the pink convexities of Rubens' child-wife Helene Fourment, it is one of the obsessive human presences of 17th-century painting. Philip IV of Spain, growing older in the long succession of Diego Velázquez's court portraits. This one was painted late in the monarch's life, around 1653. The King's features—the

stress, an eyelid droops, the gaze is not quite focused. There is the vast dignity no real head, seen in isolation, could possibly envelop itself in such distances as Velázquez's painted fiction.

When I saw it, this commanded such deep respect and reverence in me that, since it already possessed so much spirit and living flesh, all the portrait lacked was the voice." So wrote Velázquez's protector, Lázaro Díaz del Valle, when he saw the portrait in 1656. It was, and remains, a "speaking likeness," but it also has the eloquence that only great art possesses. It defeats imagination by leaving nothing to imagine: imagination is replaced by consciousness. There are no gaps to fill in, no interpretations to be made. The very notion of "creativity" seems, in Velázquez's presence, a sentimental impertinence. He was unquestionably the deepest painter of matter who ever lived.

It would be pleasant but wildly optimistic to hope that every other picture in the exhibition in which this portrait of Philip IV may be seen—"The Golden Age of Spanish Painting," organized by the Prado's director, Xavier de Salas, at London's Royal Academy, through March 14—were at this august level. Quite a few are: there are five other Velásquezes and five major El Grecos, including that overwhelming trumpet voluntary, the Prado's huge *Annunciation* of 1600. There are works by Francisco Ribera and his great junior José de Ribera, a group of paintings by Zurbarán—including an exquisite still-life of cream and other pots drawn up like liturgical vessels on a table. There are also first-rate representative pieces by Murillo, Sánchez

Coello and Antonio Pereda.

Lardy Cherubs. But the exhibition includes whole roomfuls of provinciality, grading down to junk. No 17th-century European painter could possibly have produced a sillier work than José Antoline's trio of lardy, simpering cherubs posing as *The Christian Soul Torn Between Vice and Virtue*. No matter. This is not a "masterpiece" show, but it does accord with Spanish reality in the 17th century and is required seeing for anyone interested in that singular efflorescence.

Spain was a small, provincial place in 1650. Its economy was chaotic, its empire was fraying, the royal treasury was near bankruptcy and state policies were mostly devised by knaves or fossils. Art patronage was erratic, and to learn anything about the "mainstream," a young painter of talent like Ribera or Murillo had to spend long stretches abroad.

But provincial beginnings often confer a certain intensity on painters. The eye becomes obsessive, prehensile. Sánchez Cotán was a cloistered monk who never went outside Spain—but his *Boiled vegetables (see color overleaf)* is one of the most remarkable still-lives ever painted. Each form—the ribbed curves of the cardoon stalks, the fleshy convolutions of the hanging cabbage, the ragged lace of the lettuce—is rendered with breathtaking economy. The picture is a lesson in ideal vegetarian geometry, with the slice of lemon and the slender cones of carrots occupying space like Renaissance mathematical models. At the same time, the darkness (coupled with the close focus) gives the objects a painful density. The hanging lemon seems ready to explode. One will see few still-lives like this until the 20th century, when another Spaniard—Picasso—would give their components a similar energy, distinctness and isolation.

Cyclopean Breast. Even when a Spanish painter lived away from Spain, he could keep a peculiarly Iberian flavor. Such was the case with Ribera, who spent most of his working life in Italy, becoming the most gifted of Caravaggio's followers and the best artist in 17th-century Naples. His portrait of Magdalena Ventura, the bearded lady of the Abruzzi, exposing one cyclopean breast as her worn husband looks on, belongs to the same Spanish tradition of dispassionate curiosity about freaks as Velázquez's court dwarfs and idiots. His *Penitent Magdalene*, circa 1640 with her pert mouth and enormous dark eyes, is in effect a *maja*. But the high point of Ribera's career is the great *Calvary* from Osuna, never displayed before outside Spain (see color opposite). During the Peninsular War, French soldiers used it for target practice. It is a wreck, blackened and blistered but of what a vessel! Spanish religious painting takes on the grand rhetoric, the "mighty line" of Marlowe: the arc of stricken figures at the foot of the cross, its profile ending in a folded blaze of green, gold brocade and crimson; the faces of weeping women, smeared and half eroded by darkness; the immense twisted figure of Christ, "quoted" from a Michelangelo drawing, that rises on the cross. Even if there were nothing else in the Royal Academy, this painting alone would justify the show.

Robert Hughes



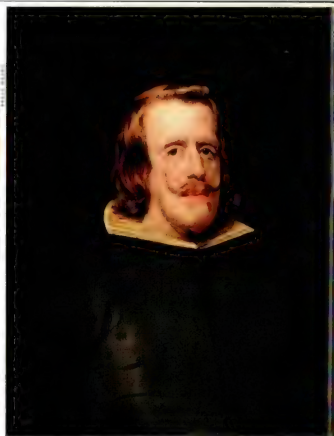
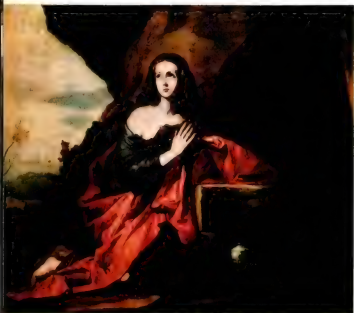
RIBERA'S MAGDALENA VENTURA AT ROYAL ACADEMY
A dispassionate curiosity about freaks.

bulbed Habsburg lip, the forehead's waxy promontory, the thick ball of a chin, the upswept mustache that Salvador Dali would appropriate and vulgarize—must have been more familiar to Velázquez than the map of Spain itself (see color overleaf).

Yet there is not a trace of formula in the painting. Every millimeter of the royal face, rendered with baffling illusionistic skill, has been studied afresh. Philip's head remains the object of thoughtful, disinterested scrutiny, like Cézanne's apple, but much more mysterious. There are the signs of age and



José de Ribera's torso of Christ glows spectrally in Calvary, c. 1620



Works in the Royal Academy's "Golden Age of Spanish Painting" include (clockwise from above) Ribera's *The Penitent Magdalene* from the Prado, c. 1640; Velázquez's austere and pessimistic portrait of Philip IV, 1652-53, and Sánchez Cotán's magnificent Still-Life, painted in Toledo before 1603.



From Sermons to Sonys: HOW WE KEEP IN TOUCH

NEIL HARRIS

The following Bicentennial Essay is the sixth in a series that will appear periodically and will discuss how we have changed in our 200 years.

Writing from Williamsburg in 1777, Thomas Jefferson voiced a complaint that echoes across the years. The post office, he grumbled, was inefficient. Riders were supposed to travel night and day, and pick up their mail three times a week; yet they were not meeting their schedules. "The speedy and frequent communication of intelligence is really of great consequence," Jefferson reminded his correspondent, John Adams. "Our people, merely for want of intelligence which they may rely on, are becoming lethargic and insensible of the state they are in." John Adams agreed but had an explanation. "It is not easy to get faithful riders, to go oftener," he argued. The expense was too high to permit any profit.

The letters between the two revolutionaries indicated a close connection between our political Revolution and the exchange of information. The crisis of the 1770s had built upon, and now fed, the prompt dispersal of news and opinion. The pace of communication had irrevocably quickened, and the habits of an earlier generation were no longer sufficient.

Of course, there were limits to the change. Although the printing press had been operating in America since 1639, a chronic shortage of paper and type limited the easy spread of printed material. Correspondence and sermons supplied the necessary information. During the first century of settlement, ministers acted as the chief transmitters of news. By the 18th century, several among them had become sensitive students of crowd psychology and perceptual theory. Wars, pestilence, famine, murder, theft, gossip—these supplemented religious texts. Ministers often had a virtual monopoly on the interpretation of information.

"News" was slow in arriving. It took more than two months for Bostonians to learn of the death of William III in 1702.

The revolutionary crisis changed the sense of need. News of the battles of Lexington and Concord reached Boston immediately, but it took almost ten days for accounts to be printed in New York and Baltimore, and three weeks before a Charleston newspaper included a report. An aroused public opinion was demanding fresh news. The colonies were serviced by 30 to 40 newspapers. Although their circulation was small (averaging around 600 each), these newspapers were passed from reader to reader and read aloud in taverns and coffeehouses.

Many papers were conservative. They depended on government for lucrative printing contracts—legal forms, public notices, the legislative record. Printers could be put in jail—and were—for libeling government officers. But the newspaper form nonetheless challenged authority. For one thing, it invited participation. From the start, newspapers included letters to the editor (sometimes written by the editor to stir up interest). For another, these were truly living newspapers, with one item often superseding or contradicting another in the same issue. In one Bos-

ton *Gazette* of 1736, readers had datelines of Sept. 6 from London, Aug. 21 from Copenhagen, Aug. 25 from Vienna, July 31 from Paris, Oct. 14 from Philadelphia and Sept. 12 from Paris. On the first page of a 1737 *Gazette*, readers learned that Corsican rebels had overthrown their royal pretender; two pages later came a dispatch reporting that Corsica's King Theodore was still firmly in power after all—the attempted takeover had been a ruse to fool the Genoese. When reports were contradicted, denied or outdistanced in the space of several pages, it was natural for readers to become skeptical about authority.

Finally, the written contact was necessarily more equalizing than the oral. Deportment, stature, platform manner—all vanished behind the neutrality of type. What remained was the information or the argument, either of which could be taken to pieces slowly, unaffected by oratorical skill or audience fatigue, traditional props for the sermonizer.

The revolutionaries had another great avenue of expression besides the newspaper. Between 1750 and the mid-1780s, some 1,500 pamphlets appeared that touched on the great crisis. In these unbound tracts, which varied from a few pages to book length, every American opinion was represented, from Thomas Bradbury Chandler's *The American Quaker*, a loyalist brief, to Nathaniel Whitaker's revolutionary *An Antidote Against Toryism*. A passion for discussion and argument animated this generation. Thomas Paine's *Common Sense*, the clarion call for independence, sold more than 100,000 copies within six months (based on population, an equivalent sale today would be more than 5 million).

In their search for information, revolutionaries did not necessarily value most highly what was most recent. Their readings in history, philosophy, travel and natural science supplemented their immersion in the events of the day. In the long letters they wrote one another, they indicated both the obsession to know more and a concern with traditional learning. Letter writing was a form of recreation as well as communication. Despite active political careers, men like John Adams often spent hours each day on their correspondence. Facts were analyzed again and again; a new joy in argument and in the testing of novel hypotheses became one of the intellectual characteristics of the era. The Jeffersonian circle included David Rittenhouse, a legislator and astronomer; Dr. Benjamin Rush, reformer and theorist of psychological medicine; and Charles Willson Peale, inventor, portraitist and member of the Committee of Public Safety.

In many ways the 18th century was especially distinguished for organizing information. The great tradition of dictionaries and encyclopedias, through which men gained easier access to the accumulated knowledge of both their ancestors and their contemporaries, was one of the achievements of the era. Samuel Johnson's two-volume dictionary was published in 1755, just four years after the first volume of Denis Diderot's *Encyclopédie*, that great compendium of information and Enlightenment opinion, had appeared in Paris. The first edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* began appearing in Edinburgh in 1768. The colonists knew and valued these works; indeed, *l'Encyclopédie* was among the most popular of all the books imported for colonial libraries. Information was instrumental to human happiness; education was



MONTAGES FOR TIME BY CAROL WELD

ESSAY

meant to serve progress and political stability; and news, after all, was only one category of information, subject to the same laws of controversy and debate. The major issues of the day had to share their time with the contemplation of older discoveries.

In the 1970s information has become more than an adjunct to experience in America; in more and more instances, it threatens to replace it. The transformation has involved many factors: the dizzying speed with which news now travels, the way it is organized (or not organized), the emerging belief in the "objectivity" of news presentation and, above all, the quantity of information that is thrust at us. Where once there were several dozen newspapers, plus books, correspondence and a pamphlet literature, Americans now have access to some 1,500 daily newspapers, more than 10,000 magazines, nearly 1,000 television channels and almost 8,000 radio stations. Of course, the bigger numbers reflect a bigger population—but only partly. For the fact is that in most respects the increase in information has been disproportionate; we absorb a quantity of information each day that would have satiated our ancestors for a year or more.

Developments have not been linear: there are fewer newspapers today than there were 50 years ago, and new forms threaten older ones. The staggering audiences for mass communications have access to paperback books, Xerox copies, photography, films and a variety of other forms. Millions of Americans watch or hear the news at least three times a day—before work, at dinnertime and before sleep. Commercials, discussion shows, documentaries all provide further information. Since 1927, when the automobile was married to the radio, Americans have demonstrated a commitment to continuous communication for entertainment or for news. And the distinction between news and entertainment grows steadily less clear.

Actually the presentation of material without commentary—that we fancifully refer to as "objective" news—has old American roots. We have long had a mania for raw statistics and facts of every kind. Even when our press has been particularly partisan or else heavily committed to background and interpretation, the demand for unadorned facts has rarely slackened. This taste was reinforced by our pioneering social science surveys of the early 20th century and it was further elaborated in the 1930s by a series of innovative photographers and cinematographers. William Stott of the University of Texas at Austin has recently argued that documentary journalism, broadcasting and film—along with soap operas, newsreel houses, "inside" books, photo and news magazines—appeal to an imagination that "seeks the texture of reality" by fixing upon particulars.

The quest for vicarious experience, which created the "human interest story" in 19th century journalism, has led to changes in almost every kind of public activity. It is still hard to believe that until the 20th century incumbent Presidents (and usually their challengers as well) did not barnstorm for election, and not until 1932 did a presidential nominee personally address his own nominating convention. The sports celebrity, the movie star, the crime reporter, the professional fund raiser are all products of this new sensibility.

Eighteenth century communication was differently ordered. In their letters, broadsides, sermons and pamphlets, the revolutionary generation received facts in the service of opinion, facts brought together to support a persuasion. Except for the newspapers, information was segregated according to subject and function. Encyclopedias and dictionaries contained variety, to be sure, but they were well organized; indeed, that was the point. Their readers searched them out with particular questions, and used them with some expectation of what they might find.

Information today has broken down older categories. On television in particular, dramatized commercials, world calamities and local anecdotes are presented in astonishing juxtaposition without apparent effort at assigning priorities. Of course, the colonial press was prone to some startling juxtapositions and inconsistencies itself, but these seem far more striking when they appear in the electronic media. Because information can be so easily repeated, neither concentration nor memory is critical to its absorption; at times they even interfere with the pleasure of reception. The instant replay is based on this principle of the second chance, a world without necessities that can transcend any bar-



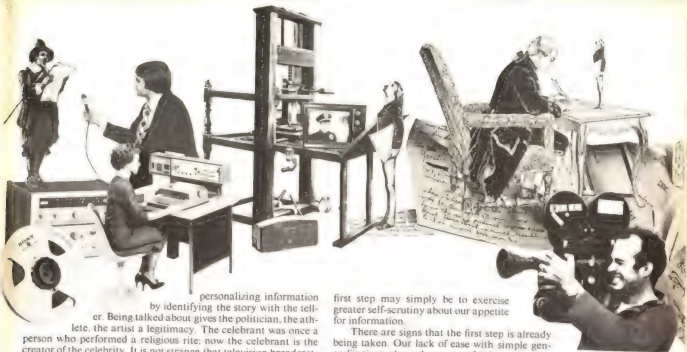
rier. The new stadium in New Orleans houses giant television screens, assuring spectators of the same opportunity to re-examine exciting moments that they would have had in their living rooms.

Electronic information systems have challenged temporal and spatial boundaries, the character of authority has also been impugned. Newspapers were once published "by authority," proudly boasting that their relationship to government represented some index of reliability. Whether their readers accepted the claim is not known. But today, the closer a publication stands to government, the more suspicious its readers are likely to be of its accuracy. Reporters and commentators have become more persuasive makers of news than the people they interview.

Such developments suggest a disproportionate influence by news gatherers on public opinion. Critics have been examining this issue for more than a century. Typically it has not been the affirmative character of the media that has attracted most attention, but their critical functions, the standing challenge they present to constituted authority. Visiting the U.S. in the 1840s, Charles Dickens blamed the press for practically every kind of moral degeneration, noting that "with ribald slander for its only stock in trade, it is the standard literature of an enormous class who must find their reading in a newspaper" or nowhere at all. The style of newspapers, as well as their content, added to their influence. Other visitors found that even educated Americans preferred their information summarized and predigested, even if it was abbreviated, inconsistent and strangely organized; it took too much time to read anything else. To service a broad public, American newspapers became magazines, creating various feature sections that appealed to housewives, businessmen, sports fans, merchants and job seekers.

By the turn of the century, sociologists and political philosophers, students of urbanization and the power of the press were brooding about the implications of mediated experience. The anonymous metropolis and the explosion of information threatened to swamp primary social contacts. Between man and his environment, Walter Lippmann noted in 1922, there had appeared a "pseudo environment," and human behavior had become nothing more than responses to the images and ideas filtered through the information machines.

Since the 1920s, the electronic media have become a fashionable source of anxiety, their power apparently boundless but their influence still strangely unclear. If information dispersal has become an entertainment form, this is, as we have seen, no total break with the past. When news came infrequently, as it did in the 18th century, its reception often provided occasions for gathering and celebration. It is the frequency of its reception that makes the real difference. When the entertainment appears daily, even hourly, the focus becomes the transmitter, not the information. This may be the only way of coping with the fact boom:



personalizing information by identifying the story with the teller. Being talked about gives the politician, the athlete, the artist a legitimacy. The celebrant was once a person who performed a religious rite; now the celebrant is the creator of the celebrity. It is not strange that television broadcasters should be thought of, by some, as presidential possibilities.

With its meritocratic bias, our industrial civilization has emphasized the acquisition of information: thus our exploitation of machines that increase either transmission or reception has always been remarkable. Americans hailed the early typewriter as the bringer of universal literacy and world peace; our predictions about telephones, radio, film and television have been similarly cosmic. American utopias, as in Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backward*, gloried in a world linked by instantaneous communications; current proponents of cable television see this form as the solution to a remarkable medley of social ills.

But because information has been so valued as a commodity, its centralization has always aroused hostility. No single newspaper has ever acquired the semiofficial status of the *Times* of London, despite the national ambitions of the *New York Times*. And our underfinanced educational broadcasting system has nowhere near the influence of the *BBC*. This is partly because Americans believe that information should be accessible through many different outlets. They have hesitated before the prospect of heavy, official subsidization and the specter of a single establishment blanketing minds with a unitary version of reality.

The task of "informing the public" continues to be laden with dignity, even as it is viewed with some suspicion. Yet it is not always clear what services this information performs, or how the orgy of statistical description, which in the economic field seems sometimes more misleading than no figures at all, aids our national perceptions. At one time, the role of information was clear. The founding fathers were proud of their new theory of representation, and effective representation required continual exchanges of information. By delegating power, the people reduce their chance for direct action; real intervention comes only through elections. In the intervals between voting, vast amounts of political information can produce a communal voyeurism, a diversion of the electorate which keeps it interested but not closely involved. Direct government is a casualty of size and complexity, for only representation permits large democratic societies to function. But a flood of facts that presents the illusion of control without changing actual power relationships is no necessary help to the democratic process.

What measures, then, can better order this growth of information? A historian can perhaps be forgiven for suggesting that one protection is to recall our ancestors' absorption with history, their conviction that reflection upon "old news" was as valuable as obtaining "fresh news." Creating values that help us organize our unceasing stream of facts is the job of both press and public, of political, intellectual and spiritual leaders. The

first step may simply be to exercise greater self-scrutiny about our appetite for information.

There are signs that the first step is already being taken. Our lack of ease with simple generalizations about the power of information becomes more apparent every year. With less knowledge about the effects of knowledge, 18th century men thought they had more control. We are more aware of the gap. A symbol of this maturity is the debate among American journalists and commentators about opinion advocacy and the hidden biases of "impartiality." This debate points to an awareness that information presented without commentary and in great quantity can corrupt as well as inform.

There is, moreover, a new absorption with social communication and its varying levels of reality, a sense that knowledge includes more than verbal or statistical descriptions. However much current interest in matters like body language and social strategies can degenerate either into grammatical pedantry or a new mysticism, it reflects also a dissatisfaction with traditional forms of communication.

Finally, one can detect, in public debates and legislative enactments, a renewed concern with the issue of privacy, the citizen's right to retain for himself control over personal information and choices. Opinion pollsters have lately been meeting more resistance from prospective samples; governmental investigators, with a tarnished record of misusing certain data, are under investigation themselves. Not all the effects of this new suspicion are healthy or helpful. But it does signify an uncertainty about the value of uncritically adding to the mass of information.

Democratic societies cannot permit arbitrary abridgment of facts and opinion. Previous efforts indicate the clear and present danger. All we can do is approach our information more critically, aware that our desire for knowledge about one another can indicate nothing more noble than vulgar curiosity. But even self-criticism must have its limits, and we should not forget that keeping in touch remains a sign of an ancient faith, inherited from our Revolution that enlightenment will eventually bring its own reward and that a form of truth can somehow emerge, battered but intact, from the mass of information that both obscures and protects it.

Neil Harris, professor of history at the University of Chicago and director of the National Humanities Institute, is the author of *Humburg: The Art of P.T. Barnum and The Artist in American Society*. He is also general editor of the eight-volume series, *The American Culture*.





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AFTER DEPOSITING ITS EGGS ON A BEACH,

A TURTLE HEADS TOWARD THE SEA

BOOKS

Shell Games

TURTLE DIARY

by RUSSELL HOBAN

211 pages. Random House. \$7.95.

Two lonely fortyish souls walk their depressions around London. William is a bookstore clerk who has shed most of his past, including a cushy job in advertising, his wife and two daughters. Neaera writes and illustrates children's books but she has grown tired of creating furry and feathery characters; perversely, she ponders a new story about a water beetle. Both visit the London Zoo and independently reach the same conclusion: the sea turtles in the aquarium must be liberated and allowed to swim back to their breeding grounds in the Atlantic.

Were this carapace the whole story, *Turtle Diary* could pass as standard Disney scenario: unattached, eccentric adults involved in a quixotic caper because of their love for animals. William himself realizes that the turtle heist is "the sort of situation that would be ever so charming and human in a film with Peter Ustinov and Maggie Smith." But he has a significant caveat: "That sort of film is only charming because they leave out so many details, and real life is all the details they leave out."

Crackling Intelligence. This is the risk that most sentimental entertainment runs: touching the heart while bypassing the mind. Author Russell Hoban, 50, does not take that shortcut. The alternating diary entries of his hero and heroine crackle with witty detail, mordant intelligence and self-deprecating irony. Neither one is a sentimentalist. Both, in fact, said goodbye to their feelings long ago. That is why the blind, homing instincts of the turtles fascinate them. Unlike humans, the creatures



AUTHOR RUSSELL HOBAN

Drama as inconvenience.

know where they must go and venture without questioning. "The mystery of the turtles," Neaera writes, "and their secret navigation is a magical reality, juice of life in a world gone dry."

Small wonder that both come to resent the turtles' aquarium, that "little bedsitter of an ocean" as William calls it, as yet another abridgement of natural law. Resentment breeds a conviction: even though William and Neaera would much rather skulk on as victims, heroics are called for. When they learn that they have been sharing a common turtle fantasy, they bristle; privacy has become their shell, and it is not to be discarded lightly. Further shocks await them. They are appalled when the urge to free the turtles grows into a tidal compulsion. William complains: "Whatever this awful thing is that I've got myself into it's my thing and I've got to do it alone with that weird lady."

At this point, Hoban wisely refrains from offering a madcap chase sequence replete with careening police cars and lovably inept thieves. The escapade is indeed comic, but only in the ease with which it is pulled off. The turtle keeper does not simply agree to look the other

way while his charges are stolen; he packs them into traveling crates himself. Their mission routinely accomplished, William and Neaera find that no one has noticed.

Nor, short of momentarily cheering them, does their triumph do much to change their lives. It was, they realize, a gratifying but small thing. More important, so does their author. A noted illustrator and author of children's books, Hoban never claims too much for *Turtle Diary*, and that very modesty is the reason for his success. He argues gently but profoundly that human lives are really composed of details as mysterious in their power as the force that tugs the turtles; the most dramatic adventure can unfold as a series of petty and incomprehensible inconveniences. A romantic would emphasize the heroic; a realist would squint at the mundane. Hoban tries something harder: to see both, and the hairline truth that lies somewhere in between.

Paul Gray

Looking-Glass War

BODYGUARD OF LIES

by ANTHONY CAVE BROWN

947 pages. Harper & Row. \$15.95.

This history of World War II shell-and-pea games might have been merely an oversized gathering of spy stories. But there is far more seething below the surface of espionage and counterintelligence. According to British Journalist Anthony Cave Brown, the conflict was a looking-glass war whose cruel and brilliant espionage far outran the fabrications of le Carré and Eric Ambler.

The story of master spies and code cracking was first unraveled last year in Frederick Winterbotham's *The Ultra Secret*. But Brown has newer intelligence and a stronger moral tone. According

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BOOKS

to his evidence. Winston Churchill, mindful of the "dull carnage" of World War I, was receptive when the pale geniuses of Oxford and Cambridge proposed "special means"—plans which often resembled the schemes of undergraduates to outwit proctors.

One other factor predisposed England to warfare that depended on cleverness. The Germans had an elaborate code-writing machine called Enigma. Its ciphers were supposedly uncrackable. But a Polish Jew named Richard Lewinski, who had worked in the Enigma factory before fleeing Germany, succeeded in duplicating the gadget from

Brown, evacuation would have rescued its citizens. But Churchill rejected both courses, feeling that they would tip the Germans to Ultra. The raid killed 554 people. Afterward, the Prime Minister was photographed stumping pluckily through the ruins of the great cathedral.

The feints and ruses of special operatives also worked at El Alamein, where Rommel was fooled by planted documents and fake troop movements. Hitler was conned into thinking that Sardinia, not Sicily, would be invaded.

The grandest deception lay in the fog surrounding D-day. Preparations were ponderous, and they aimed clearly at Normandy. But by a brilliant orchestration of fakery, constantly retuned according to the monitoring by Ultra, Hitler was led to believe that invasion was imminent in the Balkans, then in Norway and finally, even after D-day, in the area of Calais. "Special means" had created phantom invasion forces in East Anglia, opposite Calais, complete with phony inflatable tanks that looked real from the air and "complaints" from clergymen about the soldiers' habit of discarding condoms. The nonexistent army even had an illustrious commander, General George Patton, during one of his periods of disgrace.

Malign Side. Churchill informed Stalin: "In wartime, truth is so precious that she should always be attended by a bodyguard of lies." That bodyguard had a malign side. Coventry was not the only price of victory. It seems at least possible, from Brown's deeply researched account, that resistance fighters and agents were sometimes sacrificed to maintain the credibility of deceptions.

Despite official denials, it also seems possible that to preserve the credibility of a turnover German agent, he was allowed to report a planned R.A.F. raid on Nürnnberg. More than 700 British airmen were lost, and the surviving flyers were filled with bitter suspicion.

Brown demonstrates convincingly that the intelligence deceptions confused the Germans enough to make the Normandy invasion a success. But in a profoundly ironic way, he suggests, the Allies' expertise may have lengthened the war. From the beginning, a sizable element among the German General Staff considered Hitler's megalomania to be disastrous. Opposition centered around Admiral Wilhelm Canaris, chief of *Abwehr* (Counterespionage), whose fellow dissidents called themselves the *Schwarze Kapelle*, or Black Orchestra. Rommel became a member; so did the maimed Count Klaus von Stauffenberg, whose bomb nearly killed Hitler in 1944. Throughout the war, and increasingly after defeat in North Africa, the

Schwarze Kapelle made overtures to the Allies. Secrets were offered: deals for insurrection and surrender clearly were possible.

Two factors, at least, prevented Canaris' group from bringing the war to an early negotiated close. One was the Allies' implacable insistence on Roosevelt's concept of unconditional surrender. The second was Ultra itself. The *Schwarze Kapelle* was not ignored by the allied intelligence services, but neither does it seem to have been cultivated. The reason, of course, was that with Ultra looking over Hitler's shoulder, the German dissidents were not hugely important. They simply did not have enough information to offer. **John Skow**

At the Frontal Lobe

GOING CRAZY: An Inquiry into Madness in Our Time by OTTO FRIEDRICH 384 pages. Simon & Schuster, \$9.95.

Otto Friedrich is a writer who has specialized in chronicling collapses. *Decline and Fall* was a revealing autopsy of the late *Saturday Evening Post*. Before the *Deluge* recaptured the dying phosphorescence of the Weimar Republic. Now he looks at the psychological walking wounded about him and concludes that "madness is part of all of us, all the time, that it comes and goes, waxes and wanes." His book is an artful patchwork of historical vignettes, autobiography and interviews with articulate people who have returned to tell what it was like around the bend.

The author, a *TIME* senior editor, believes that he himself has been there, momentarily on occasion, and those fleeting losses of control and orientation lead him to trust his feelings because his intellect has convinced him that insanity cannot be usefully defined, only described. He goes even further: "Those who have actually gone crazy seem to me to have a more earthy and concrete understanding of insanity than do the psychiatrists who pose as experts." Seymour Krim, for example, a New York author and journalist, pungently remembers that during one psychotic episode he smelled different—"something like burning rubber...as if my mind were smoking, going so hard that there was some kind of friction."

Pent-Up Rage. Many of Friedrich's sources are victims of upbringings during which honest displays of emotion were thought irrational. A woman named Celia was taught by her mother, "Don't touch anybody, and they won't touch you." Celia learned to be very quiet, very passive and very, very depressed—a symptom of her pent-up rage. In therapy, her first step on the road to mental health was to start screaming at strangers on the street. "Was that insanity?" she asked her doctor. The answer: "No, that was anger."

In the book's most harrowing sec-



CHURCHILL AT COVENTRY (1941)
Sacrifices to maintain credibility.

memory and sold it to the English.

An even more astonishing feat was accomplished by Cambridge Mathematician Alan Turing. Turing was a pure eccentric, a runner who "would on occasion arrive at conferences at the Foreign Office in London having run the 40 miles from Bletchley in old flannels and a vest with an alarm clock tied with binder twine around his waist." Turing was "wild as to hair, clothes and conventions" and given to "long, disturbing silences punctuated by a cackle." But by 1939, confounding all predictions, he had designed an "Ultra" machine that could decode Enigma's messages.

Ultra gave advance warning of the German air raid on Coventry in November 1940. Extraordinary defensive effort could have saved the city, says

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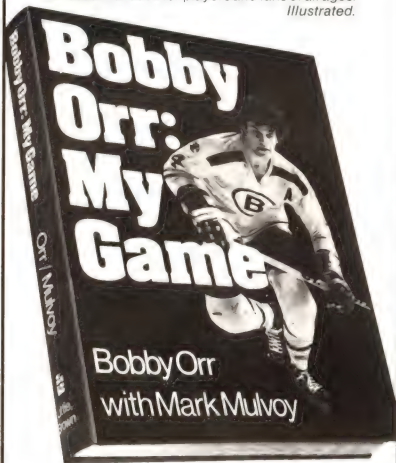
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BOOKS

tion. Anthony Tuttle, an unsuccessful novelist who was born to wealth but now scrapes by as a waiter, tells how he almost became the original Mr. Goodbar. "One night, I had a date with Diane, who was a dear woman, a movie actress, and the inner voice said, 'Pick up that knife, and drive over and kill Diane!' ... Eight-tenths of me wants to kill and two-tenths doesn't want to, and it's terrifying, the most confusing horror on earth." Fortunately for Diane and other women—including Tuttle's own mother—that two-tenths prevailed at the last moment.

These pure and unadorned voices come from the nerve center of the book. Friedrich succinctly retells the pathetic stories of such diverse victims of aberration as Robert Schumann, the Marquis de Sade, Edgar Allan Poe, Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald, Scott Joplin, James Forrestal and Joe Louis, who suffered from delusions that gangsters were trying to kill him.

Friedrich surveys the field of cure from traditional psychoanalysis to vitamin therapy. He treats such ravagers of the mind as alcohol, stress, loneliness and time. But he deliberately avoids the ruts of "quasi-scientific categories." He is more comfortable in the humanities, where the trail of insanity fades into the mysteries of man's relationship with nature and his gods. Friedrich is also up on the inhumanities, for example, the Soviet Union's practice of treating some political dissidents as psychotics.

If readers cannot find answers in *Going Crazy*, it is because the author confesses that he cannot find them either. Instead he modestly offers the varied colors and textures of an age in which the worship of the rational has frequently led to madness.

R. Z. Sheppard

Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1—Curtain, Christie (1 last week)
- 2—Ragtime, Doctorow (2)
- 3—The Choirboys, Wambaugh (3)
- 4—The Greek Treasure, Stone (4)
- 5—In the Beginning, Patok (5)
- 6—Looking for Mr. Goodbar, Rossner (8)
- 7—The Eagle Has Landed, Higgins (6)
- 8—Shogun, Clavell (10)
- 9—Humboldt's Gift, Bellows (7)
- 10—Nightwork, Shaw (9)

NONFICTION

- 1—Bring On the Empty Horses, Niven (1)
- 2—The Relaxation Response, Benson (2)
- 3— Sylvia Porter's Money Book, Porter (4)
- 4—Angels, Graham (5)
- 5—Power!, Korda (6)
- 6—Winning Through Intimidation, Ringer (3)
- 7—Doris Day, Hotchner (9)
- 8—The Age of Napoleon, Will & Ariel Durant (8)
- 9—The Russians, Smith
- 10—The Ascent of Man, Bronowski (10)

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People

weekly

Doing a Job on Jimmy

As a candidate who promises to tell no lies, says he is not really a politician and exudes confidence occasionally bordering on arrogance, Jimmy Carter invites close scrutiny. As one of the more successful candidates so far in a jam-packed field for the Democratic presidential nomination—and as an outsider in the view of the Democratic establishment—he is getting it. But he seems to be getting it with such vengeance that the attacks on the former Georgia Governor are themselves becoming an extraordinary phenomenon.

Columnists Rowland Evans and Robert Novak have blasted him for "fibbing." Manhattan's *Village Voice* has lambasted him in two pieces, implying

Germond's comparison is extravagant, but he is correct in noting that anti-Carter sentiment is widespread.

The latest example is an article in the March issue of *Harper's* magazine, which its editors delicately titled "Jimmy Carter's Pathetic Lies." The 6,000-word story reviews many of the charges that Carter has already rebutted (TIME, Feb. 2). They include the implication that he courted segregationists during his 1970 gubernatorial campaign (he did woo the "redneck" vote, but early in the campaign he also guaranteed "equal treatment to all of our people"); that he supported Lester Maddox for Lieutenant Governor in 1970 and George Wallace for Vice President in 1972 (Maddox complained that Carter actually "worked almost as hard against [me] as

er charges are open to serious question. As for the specific charge that Carter used certain television commercials during the 1970 Georgia campaign to attack his opponent's financial integrity, Carter insists that no such commercials exist. And though the article contains direct quotes from a "veteran archivist," Carroll Hart, director of the state archives department, said that the archives staff failed "to recognize their words or statements in the *Harper's* article." A dozen other points in the piece are challenged by sources in Georgia and elsewhere.

The author of the *Harper's* harpooning is Steven Brill, 25, a freelancer out of Yale and the Yale Law School who was once an assistant to former New York Mayor John V. Lindsay. Last March Brill wrote a scathing piece for *New York* magazine called "George Wallace Is Even Worse Than You Think He Is." Brill swears that he interviewed George Wallace; Wallace and members of his staff deny that an interview ever took place. Brill also conducted a ten-month study for Americans for Democratic Action to prove that Senator Henry Jackson is not a liberal on domestic issues. At a press conference held to publicize his 21-page report, Brill himself conceded that it was "not meant to be an objective analysis of Henry Jackson's record." Most reporters took him at his word and ignored the broadside.

As early as last November, reporters heard rumors that Brill was out to do a hatchet job on Jimmy Carter. Brill maintains, "I expected it to be a positive piece, but it didn't turn out that way." Says Clay Felker, editor of *New York* magazine, where Brill is a contributing editor: "He's a fantastic reporter, a trained lawyer who is not afraid to look at documents for the facts." A Washington-based political correspondent has another opinion. "Brill is a hit man," he says with concern. "He's the liberal enforcer."

Sacred and Profane

"The difference between the right word and the almost right word," Mark Twain once observed, "is the difference between lightning and the lightning bug." Since Twain's day, in the view of many newspaper editors, a plague of fireflies has filled the sky: neologisms proliferate and the rules of grammar have raveled badly. To deal with the situation, the Associated Press and United Press International are preparing a new joint stylebook, and the *New York Times* has just issued a revised 231-page *Manual of Style and Usage* (Quadrangle; \$10), though the last version appeared only 14 years ago. In the words of News Editor Lewis Jordan, who edited both



CANDIDATE CARTER

During open season, a visit from a hit man.



CRITIC BRILL

that he is, among other things, a closet racist. The *New Republic*, which liked him in April, decided in January that "up to now, Carter has been unjustifiably considered part of the liberal pack." Politicians, especially, have seized opportunities to undercut Carter: when he recently referred in public to Hubert Humphrey's "record as a loser," Democrats of divergent political plumage leaped to Humphrey's defense. But when Edwin Muskie made a similar comment a week or so later, no one complained. In fact, Democrats seem so clearly to have declared an open season on Carter, writes Jack Germond, the Washington *Star's* chief political reporter, that the attacks by press and politicians are "perhaps unmatched in harshness and intensity in any presidential campaign of the postwar period."

he did against his Republican opponent," while Wallace once called Carter a "southern-fried McGovern"); and that he hedged on the abortion issue (unquestionably, Carter is guilty of the charge—as are other candidates).

Several new accusations are also unveiled. Some are absurdly trivial: the article notes that Carter says he opens all the campaign mail sent to his Plains, Ga., home but really does not; Carter says he or his wife does. Other charges are somewhat more substantial: that Carter led anti-McGovern forces in 1972, ran a dirty tricks gubernatorial campaign in 1970 and withheld materials that point up inconsistencies in his record from the Georgia State Department of Archives and History. Some of the assertions are true, most notably the one about McGovern. Many of the oth-

THE PRESS

revisions, the *Times's* stylebook gives "preference to that which safeguards the language from debasement." Whether it can safeguard *Times* language from dullness is another question.

Feminism has set a small swarm of lightning bugs flickering, and the *Times* snuffs out most of them. *Ms.*, for example, is to be used only in quoted material or in discussing the term itself. The stylebook decrees that some words whose original form includes *man* should remain unchanged: it proscribes *chairwoman* and *spokeswoman* on the grounds that *chairman* and *spokesman* suffice for both sexes, but it accepts *assemblywoman* and *councilwoman*. To "avoid words or phrases that seem to imply that the *Times* speaks with a purely masculine voice, viewing men as the norm," writers and editors are warned not to use "designations that are obviously disparaging." Examples: *doll*, *weaker sex*, *the little woman* and, in certain contexts, words like *housewife*, *divorcee* and *sculptress*. Gay, says the *Times* without explanation, is not to be used as a synonym for homosexual.

Though the stylebook aims at keeping language sacred, it does yield some ground in the area of the profane. Under "Obscenity, Vulgarity and Profanity," the manual explains that the *Times* will continue to present the news, as *Times* Patriarch Adolph S. Ochs decreed in 1896, "in language that is parliamentary in good society." But a mild profanity like *Hell* or *damn*, the manual says, "is really not offensive to a great degree" as long as it is not used as a matter of course.

Orally, Verbally. Editors at other papers also find that feminism and profanity create stylistic headaches, but few have adopted ironclad rules to relieve them. The Chicago *Tribune*⁸ uses *Ms.* if a woman requests it, as does the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. The Minneapolis *Tribune* quotes profanity if it is essential for either "meaning and impact" or an accurate description of a speaker's outlook. Los Angeles *Times* Editorial Page Director Anthony Day crusades against the repeated misuse of certain words (*verbally* for *orally* or vice versa, *hopefully* for *one hopes*) but goes along with some neologisms. "Part of what keeps a language alive is its constant acceptance of new words and phrases," says Day, citing *rip-off* as an example.

Indeed, the New York *Times's* new stylebook is more than twice as long as the old one, and the added bulk is largely words and terms that were practically unknown in 1962. Some may eventually prove to be short-lived inventions, but herewith a brief sample: marijuana, quark, ESP, NOW, IUD, OPEC, MIRV, sit-in, mugging, détente.

⁸Only last September the paper finally abandoned the last remnants of its idiosyncratic "*Tribune* spelling," decreed 42 years ago by Publisher Robert ("Bertie") McCormick. Now *thru*, *bureaucracy*, *thru* and dozens of other words are spelled the right way.



ENGINEERS HUBBARD, MINOR & BRIDENBAUGH AT NEWS CONFERENCE

ENVIRONMENT

The San Jose Three

As middle-management engineers in General Electric's nuclear energy division, Gregory Minor, 38, Richard Hubbard, 38, and Dale Bridenbaugh, 44, have spent most of their professional lives working to build and promote nuclear power plants. Last week they suddenly quit their well-paid jobs at GE's installation at San Jose, Calif. Calling in the press, they announced plans to work full time for a referendum on the ballot in the California June primary that would curb the construction of new nuclear power reactors in the state. Said Minor in his letter of resignation: "Nuclear reactors and nuclear weapons now present a serious danger to the future of all life on this planet."

The trio's defection seemed a major victory for the antinuke forces in the great nuclear debate (TIME, Dec. 8). Still, while no one doubted that the men were sincere, their timing left many questions unanswered.

All three men are experts in their fields. Hubbard designed control rooms for atomic plants and worked with Government regulators. Minor was responsible for the design of many nuclear plant-safety and control systems. Bridenbaugh headed an industry group that reviewed radiation-containment safety devices. Yet, though the engineers claim to have told their superiors about their doubts, a GE spokesman insisted they had never mentioned to management "any broad concern about their work or about nuclear power."

Inadequate Systems. Furthermore, in their press conference, the trio presented no new arguments to account for their sudden switch. Minor said that he had been influenced by the serious fire last March in the nuclear power plant at Brown's Ferry, Ala.; the accident convinced him that certain safety systems were inadequate. "I was shaken," he said. "I thought we had built in overkill." Like Hubbard and Briden-

baugh, he was also upset by U.S. plans to sell nuclear reactors to Israel, Egypt and South Africa, and with India's detonation of an atomic bomb.

In fact, some scientists suggest that the timing of last week's resignations may have been politically inspired. All three of the engineers are members of the Creative Initiative Foundation, a California-based organization that seeks to strengthen human relationships and instill in its members a reverence for life; C.I.F. members are described by one who dropped out as having "a fervor about changing the world for the better." Bridenbaugh admitted that he and the others might have been "sensitized" to hazards of nuclear plants during C.I.F. classes and group discussions.

In any event, the three engineers decided on their move last December, but did not act immediately. Aware that their resignations could help the antinuclear cause, they planned their move with another C.I.F. member, James Burch, who is also president of Project Survival, a citizens' group currently urging Californians to cast antinuclear votes in June. Burch helped them to orchestrate their announcement for maximum effect. GE officials quickly attempted to downgrade the significance of the resignations, pointing out that there are hundreds of people in the nuclear industry who are convinced that nuclear reactors can be designed to operate safely. Still, the defection to antinuke forces by three nuclear engineers with good technical reputations and impeccable records is bound to impress the public—which, according to a recent poll, still favors nuclear power by better than a 3-to-1 ratio.

If growing proponents do not counter growing antinuke sentiment with clear and convincing arguments of their own, first Californians and then other Americans may well begin to vote away one of the best hopes for meeting U.S. energy needs in the last two decades of the century.

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